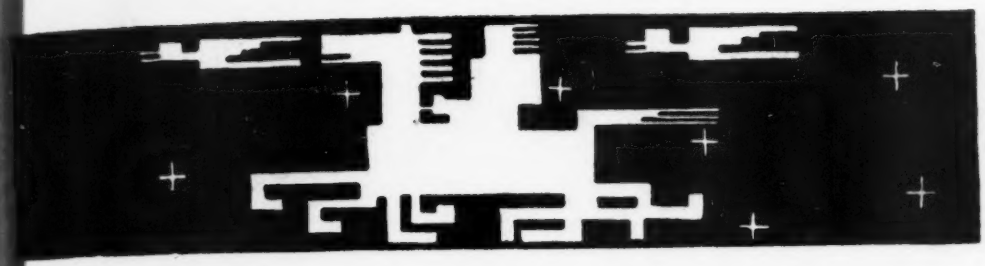
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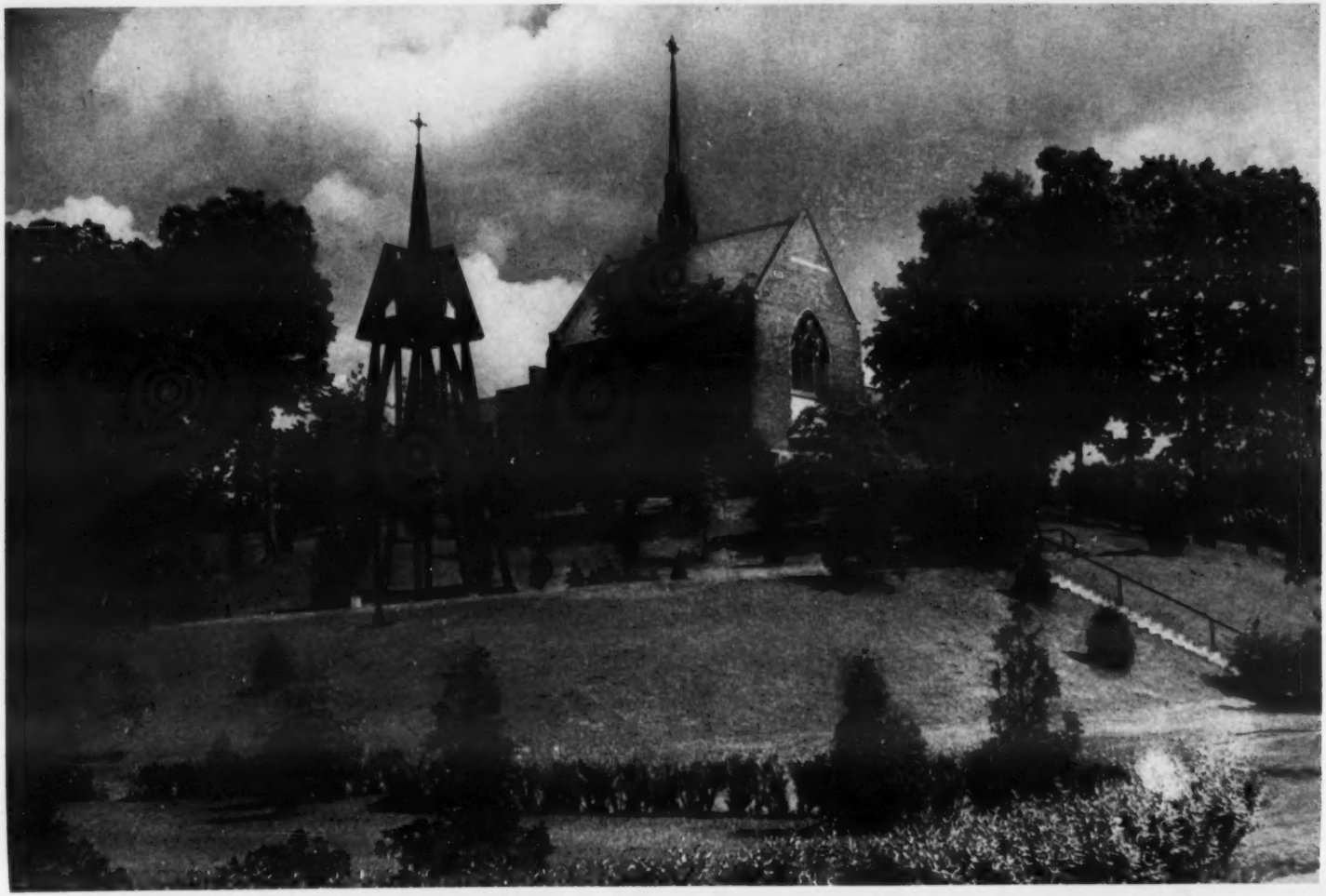
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THE
AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN
REVIEW

VOLUME XXXII DECEMBER, 1944 NUMBER 4

Augustana

An Approaching Centennial

BY CONRAD BERGENDOFF

IN HIS BOOK on Universities, Abraham Flexner quotes the saying of Lord Haldane: "It is in universities that—the soul of a people mirrors itself." Is it because there they enshrine their highest ideals? And do they there reflect their inmost needs and reveal their fondest hopes for their children? Certainly our colleges and universities can tell the student of American civilization much about the character, the faith, and the aspirations of our people.

The stories of Harvard and Yale and Princeton are apt to obscure the equally interesting records of scores of more recent institutions, which are equally important in mirroring the souls of peoples who came later than the Puritans and settled in regions far to the west of New England. Some of these later institutions are in no sense imitations of the Eastern colleges, for their founders came direct from other cultures, and the traditions of other ancient European peoples found expression in these schools which have enriched the American cultural pattern. We do well to honor the memory of those who three centuries ago founded Harvard "to advance Learning and perpetuate it to Posterity; dreading to leave an illiterate Ministry to the Churches." We do no less well to remember institutions which now are approaching their first centennial, and to recognize their mirroring of the soul of a people which has built up the civilization of the Mississippi Valley. It was an American historian, Albert Bushnell Hart, later professor of history at Harvard, who claimed that "the Mississippi Valley yields to

Seminary Chapel, and Bell Tower Made of Timber from the First Building on the Augustana Campus

no region in the world in interest, in romance, and in promise for the future. Here, if anywhere, is the real America—the field, the theater, and the basis of the civilization of the Western World. The history of the Mississippi Valley is the history of the United States, its future is the future of one of the most powerful of modern nations."

On the very shores of the Mississippi is Augustana College and Theological Seminary, the oldest of the institutions founded by the Scandinavian immigrants, and now in its eighty-fifth year. The founders of Harvard were men from England's ancient Cambridge. The founders of Augustana were university men from Sweden's Uppsala and Lund, several of them with doctor's degrees in the humanities and in the sciences. As in New England, so in the Middle West, the training of ministers for the churches was a dominant motive in the establishment of higher schools. But the training of clergy, to the Scandinavians, even in immigrant poverty, was a university matter, and their school was conceived on broad lines. Thus, the catalogue in 1883 offered the following subjects besides Christianity: History and Geography, Swedish History, Mathematics, Natural Sciences, Philosophy, Swedish Language and Literature, English Language and Literature, German, Latin, Greek, Penmanship, Book-keeping, Music, and Gymnastics. Even then the theological work was considered a post-graduate course; a decade later it was increased from two to three years, and graduation from college made a requisite. Today the course is of four years' duration, the highest requirement of any of the theological schools in America.

The name Augustana goes back to 1860, when both the Synod and the institution were founded. The name is characteristic of a people who came to America with strong religious convictions. For Augustana is the Latin form of the word Augsburg, the city whose name is connected with the Lutheran Church's declaration of independence, the Augsburg Confession of 1530. That became the basic document of the Swedish Church at Uppsala in 1593, and the Swedish immigrants who ninety-five years ago came with Esbjörn and Hasselquist made it the name of their church in a new land. Here were many faiths, and on the frontier often no faiths. Coming from the well-ordered parish life of Sweden, touched by the religious revivals of the mid-century, these earnest pilgrims raised aloft a banner around which they could gather and which they could follow in what often seemed to be a cultural wilderness in the New World. They gave the name to their church, their school, their publication—the beginning of the Swedish press in America—to hospital, hospice, and individual congregations, and carried it even to foreign mission fields.



Dr. Gustav Andreen, President of Augustana 1901-1935

Painting by Christian Abrahamsen

The first beginnings were in temporary quarters in Chicago, a church basement on the near North side. The school as well as the Synod was a joint enterprise with a group of Norwegian pastors and congregations. In 1863 the colony-hungry Illinois Central Railroad prevailed on the leaders of the Synod to move the institution one hundred miles south to prairie-encircled Paxton. But the Scandinavian immigration was moving westward and northward, and in 1869 the Norwegian branch of the Synod separated to seek its fortunes, partly in Wisconsin and in Minnesota, partly in South Dakota, for both Augsburg

College and Theological Seminary in St. Paul and Augustana College in Sioux Falls can trace their beginnings to the school in Chicago and Paxton. In 1875 the Augustana Synod, now composed of Swedish congregations only, followed the immigrant trail and moved to Rock Island, where a railroad had first bridged the Mississippi and where river steamers moved north toward the Minnesota settlements. There on the bluffs overlooking the river, the Synod fathers made the original purchase of land for $10,000 around which the present campus has developed. By 1877 a full four year college course had evolved and produced the first graduation class.

The history of the curriculum is most interesting, for it reveals an attempt to build an American college on a basis reminiscent of the Swedish universities from which the founders came. The Swedish system of marking, for instance, was followed, and the new Historical Dictionary of American English records the now prevalent use of A:s as first appearing in this country at Augustana. In the catalogue of 1883 the "methods of instruction" were described as "those which have been approved by the best educators both of Europe and of America. An equal number of the professors," the statement went on to say, "have received their own education in European and American institutions of learning, in consequence whereof there is a happy combination of the methods of instruction used on both continents."

Quite definitely the Swedish influence was responsible for the early and continued emphasis on science in the curriculum. The director of the Swedish exhibit at the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876, Dr. Joshua Lindahl, became the founder of the science departments, and his successors developed strong courses, not only in chemistry and physics, but in biology and geology. The present geology museum is an outstanding one among American colleges.

Physical education has a long history here, going back to days when the Ling system was introduced directly from Sweden. The Fine Arts department had a graduate from the Royal Academy in Stockholm as its head for over a generation. In 1880 the *Messiah* was first sung here, inspired by Professor (later President) Olof Olsson who had heard it sung in London. Almost every year since then it has been repeated, and the Oratorio Society now annually gives Bach's Passion Music as well. This three hundred voice chorus, accompanied by a student orchestra of fifty pieces, is preparing the Mass in B Minor for the Synodical Centennial in 1948. Careful, constant rehearsal is the policy that has given the Augustana Choir, too, a national hearing on concert stage and Victor records.



The Old Main, Built Between 1885 and 1888

The Library is representative of the spirit of the institution. In 1865 Charles XV gave it about 5000 volumes, mainly on the French Revolution. Bishop von Scheele, who twice visited the campus as ambassador of the Church of Sweden on historic occasions, gave his library to the



The Wallberg Hall of Science—a Winter View

Seminary. All through the years a collection has been growing, augmented by such gifts as the Swan, the Linder, the Forsander collections, and by gifts from friends and groups in Sweden, to make of the Augustana Library a treasure house of Swedish literature and Swedish Americana. A manuscript collection of approximately 75,000 letters is part of the resources of study in pioneer history, and the most complete file of Swedish-American newspapers is also available here to the scholar. To encourage the efforts of the Augustana Historical Society and the Art Society, and to coordinate the work of the school, the Synod, and the Book Concern in preserving and extending the collections of cultural material, as well as to bind closer the ties with cultural agencies in Sweden, has become the program of the Augustana Institute of Swedish Culture. Nor should the department of Swedish be forgotten, where at present more than fifty students are earnestly seeking to keep alive the language of their forefathers.

And these are activities beyond the regular program of the liberal arts college. For Augustana is at the same time one of the colleges which has made the American system of higher education unique. Only half of its students (more than a thousand, in normal years) are of Swedish descent or of the Lutheran faith. The founders, seeking to retain what they could of the Swedish university tradition, wanted also



Entrance to the Denkmann Memorial Library

to build an American college. Their success is attested by the fact that Augustana is one of the colleges on the approved list of both the Association of American Universities and the Association of American University Women. Today the graduates go into every professional field—medicine, law, engineering, teaching, research, business. The plant has grown into a beautiful wooded campus of sixty acres, with buildings valued at two million dollars. The Church still contributes annually over $50,000, and an endowment fund of over one and one-half million has come mainly from the people of the Church. Citizens of the community have made possible the gymnasium and the athletic field, and one local family name, that of Denkmann, has rightly been enshrined in the Library. A Swedish American boy who made good has divided his fortune between the University of Toronto and Augustana—here he is known by the Wallberg Hall of Science.

Yes, there is much of history in the very names of the buildings and in the circumstances of their erection. The Woman's Building is a tribute to the pioneer women of the Synod, as is Old Main, whose stately, ample proportions are a monument to the faith of the money-less immigrants who conceived it. The Seminary buildings, dedicated in 1923 by Archbishop Nathan Söderblom, speak eloquently of a people who called these hills their Zion. And An-

dreen Hall reminds us of the long, constructive career of a president who gave up a position at Yale to build here an institution which would preserve in the New World treasures of the spirit from the Old.

Augustana is more than a school. It is the center of the cultural life of a considerable segment of an American immigrant people. Today it is probably a little difficult for us to realize how warm was the affection of that people for their school which they gradually built with much of sacrifice. For their children it became the door leading from a colonial environment out into wide opportunities in American life. Some of those sons of pioneers went from Augustana to higher degrees at Yale and Harvard as early as in the 1890s, and the present president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science never hesitates to pay tribute to his beginnings at Augustana. But the greatest number of graduates for the first half century went into the service of the Church. Almost two thousand ministers—practically the entire clergy of the Synod—have graduated from the Seminary and spent their lives in the parishes of the Church, in administering its institutions, or founding the mission fields in China, India, Africa.

Through all her history Augustana has maintained a consistent character which has won for her a loyal and devoted throng of alumni. Above the arched chapel window are inscribed words which each morning meet the eyes of the students as they gather for a brief devotional period, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." And in the beautiful reading room of the Denkmann Library the same students will find over one of the arched entrances the ancient Havamal words, "*Bättre Börda Bär Ingen På Livets Väg Än Kunskap Mycken*" (A better burden may no man bear For wanderings wide than wisdom). Those two inscriptions testify to the spirit of Christian humanism which is the soul of the school. The standards of scholarship are maintained by a faculty which has been trained in the best of American and European universities. But scholarship is not divorced from a clear and purposeful philosophy of life, broad enough to embrace all that may be learned of the sciences, the humanities, and the arts, and deep enough to call forth a religious devotion to truth, its author and its revealer. Thorild's words are often quoted on this campus—"*Att tänka fritt är stort, att tänka rätt är större.*" The theological seminary, the natural science building, and the music hall, are not far apart; the students of one are at home in the other, and one is tempted to apply to each the words of Browning,

> "As the bird wings and sings,
> Let us cry, 'All good things
> Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!' "

That mingling of religious faith with an intellectual curiosity which makes the child interested in all the Creator's universe is a quality evident in the founders of Augustana and no less present now.

But not all is history. Youth from over twenty states and foreign countries turn history each year into vitality and hope. Born in Civil War days, Augustana has ridden out the storm of each war. Now it faces the future. Here on the Mississippi, as the old bell sings out from the Swedish bell-tower, come echoes of a country across the ocean, but they merge with the voices of youth who hope to contribute to an America that is theirs values and qualities which will make for peace, international understanding, a richer and happier world. Their ancient heritage gives them confidence that the treasures of faith can never be destroyed. Historically, the liberal arts tradition has been connected with certain ancient professions: theology, law, medicine. American democracy, even more than aristocratic systems of society, needs to preserve the human heritage of learning as a possession of all professions and vocations.

Grateful for the past, happy in its present activities, Augustana is confident before the future. Her needs include a much enlarged endowment; since all her funds must be gifts, she cannot look to the State—as do the schools of the State—for support. She needs badly a new music hall as a home for the musical activities which are so varied and so valuable. Another dormitory for men is required as an addition to the newly-erected Andreen Hall. Some envision in the future a beautiful chapel, symbolic of what the Christian faith has meant on this campus. Enlarged funds are required for the growth of the invaluable collections already in the Denkmann Memorial Library. An increased faculty, but above all the kind of faculty which embodies the spirit of Augustana's traditions, must be maintained.

Augustana stands as a monument of the Swedish immigrant's hunger for knowledge, love of beauty, and yearning for what is eternally good. Its story is the record of the ideals of earnest men, endowed with intellectual gifts, impelled by deep-seated motives. The roll of the presidents—Esbjörn, Hasselquist, Olsson, Andreen—itself testifies to the leadership which the institution has enjoyed through three quarters of a century. Graduates in every field of American life witness to the enduring impressions which their college years had upon them—men and women who have translated into American culture, industry, social and religious life, something of the traditions of centuries of Swedish history, life, and culture.

Conrad Bergendoff is President of Augustana College, succeeding the late President Andreen

The Point of No Return

By Hjalmar Bjornson

AN ELDERLY WOMAN was met by a friend at the entrance of a polling place in Reykjavik when Iceland last summer voted to dissolve its union with Denmark. The friend asked her, "Have you voted?" To this the old lady replied, "Yes, can't you see how happy I am?" Her feeling of happiness was mixed with tears, for she knew the struggle preceding a simple balloting.

This attitude was typical of the entire nation. The older people remembered the struggles of the earlier years and the difficulties they had lived through. Vivid in their memories was the long march toward independence, and identified with it was their country's modern progress. Young people were just as enthusiastic in voting "*já.*" Young students attending colleges in the United States travelled far to the nearest consulate to cast their vote for Icelandic independence. Youth saw in the vote the hope of a future for itself.

The almost unanimous vote for independence is no more remarkable than was the fact that 71,000 voters, almost the entire eligible electorate, joined in the plebiscite. It seemed everyone wanted to take part.

The past four years, although they have been a time of uncertainty and war for Iceland, have also prepared it for independence. Confident though everyone was, yet there were many questions. "What lies ahead for Iceland? Will it really be independent? Will military forces be withdrawn?" Questions such as these were common when I was there in 1941 to 1943. They are common even today.

"Now at last Iceland has joined in the great dance," one of Iceland's elder statesmen wrote me in commenting on its declaration of independence. "It is to be hoped that it will learn to keep in step, even though, as matters stand, it does not open the dance." This shrewd observation was written out of the man's long experience covering some fifty years of active life in business and in positions of responsibility for his government. He had guided Iceland through more than one economic crisis. Now he saw it being drawn into the dizzy dance of world politics and economic pressures, a world that it had long observed without having much of a part in calling the tune. Little wonder that he hoped it could learn to keep step with the procession. No longer could Iceland be called "the hermit of the Atlantic."

But would Iceland be left free to enjoy its sovereignty? Would it be



On the Way to the Thingvellir Celebration, June 17



A Tent City of Three Thousand Near Thingvellir

permitted to make its own mistakes? Would it find an outlet in world trade for its fish and their oils—which are the gold of the island—at prices enabling it to maintain the standard of life its people were capable of enjoying with rare intelligence?

A member of Iceland's Cabinet expressed the opinion to me that he was glad the United States had agreed in 1941 to take over the protection of Iceland. "We were particularly happy when your country accepted our invitation to safeguard the security of Iceland, and promised to withdraw all forces of occupation after the war was over. You have a reputation for keeping such promises. That has not always been true of the British."

Confidence in complete American withdrawal was reiterated by Foreign Minister Vilhjalmur Thor when he visited Washington in August with President Sveinn Björnsson. The Icelandic people, said Mr. Thor, never had any doubt that the United States would carry out to the letter its agreement to remove all its military and naval forces from Iceland "immediately upon the termination of the present international emergency." He made it plain that his Government had never had a request from the United States for peacetime military bases in Iceland. Just how the "termination of the present international emergency" is going to be defined, however, is not clear. In all probability it will not be Iceland that sets the date at which it will be terminated. We felt Iceland was "vital" to the defense of our security in 1941, even when we were not at war. Was this, then, our permanent policy? If not, what was our policy?

Iceland's definition of what constitutes "termination" of the emergency was apparent in the message sent to President Roosevelt in July 1941 by the Icelandic Prime Minister. In this message, inviting the United States to protect Iceland, he stipulated that "the United States promise to withdraw all their military forces, land, air, and sea, from Iceland *immediately on conclusion of present war.*" In his message of reply to the Prime Minister, President Roosevelt repeated verbatim the stipulations made by Iceland, but added a further clarification of his own "that immediately upon the termination of the present international emergency, all such military and naval forces will be at once withdrawn, leaving the people of Iceland and their government in full sovereign control of their own territory."

It is conceivable that there may come a hiatus between the day which brings the immediate "conclusion of the present war" and the day which will be considered the "termination of the present international emergency." As a matter of fact, the United States declared a limited state of emergency and occupied Iceland before it actually declared

war. This may simply be a difference in terminology that will create no difficulties, but some Icelanders have called attention to the differences that might arise. There is an ambiguity here that will have to be diplomatically resolved.

Iceland has neither an army nor a navy. Its people are aware of its vulnerability to attack. They are also more aware than ever of the strategic importance of their island in a world in which the airplane has become a military weapon of greatest might. They are not unaware, in a world in which the trans-oceanic air flight is a daily commonplace, of the peacetime commercial importance of air transportation in handling passengers and freight. They know also that, for military security in any future international difficulty, they will have to enlist the military strength of other friendly nations. In the past Iceland's security has been underwritten principally by other nations, since Denmark has never had the naval strength to defend Iceland in time of war. Obviously the protection which has been extended to Iceland by Great Britain and the United States has been inspired first and foremost by their own need. Iceland has been strategically important in strengthening their own lines of defense. Iceland is likely to continue to look to these two powers for friendly aid. But once the emergency of war is over, Anglo-American self-interest in Iceland will no longer be so strong a factor. The safeguards to Iceland's security afforded by the British-American occupation will then be withdrawn, as Iceland is now insisting.

Awareness of a need for the military support of a friendly power has been growing in Iceland from the time of the Napoleonic wars. Present conditions have strengthened that awareness. There is apparent among Icelanders a feeling that their country needs a more permanent understanding than the present loose dependence on the willingness of one or more friendly powers to defend its security. Necessarily these powers are now motivated simply by the needs of their own defense and future security. This feeling is stronger in an independent Iceland. It has prompted Iceland's joining the international fish agreement, its participation in the food conference at Hot Springs, its membership in UNRRA, its sending a delegation to the Bretton Woods monetary conference and to the aviation conference in Chicago.

Iceland now looks to an international order for collective security, for the defense of its right to a free and independent sovereignty. Its problems today are those of many other small nations, certainly of the Scandinavian; its attitude is typical of all small nations. What they expect of an international order is the security to live useful lives, free

to develop their own nationality economically and culturally, undisturbed by the aggressive psychosis of any great power.

What the average Icelander seems to want most is to be "left alone," free from interference by foreign powers and anything that smacks of outside control. This is a natural feeling for a nation that has, during all its modern life, been under the domination of some foreign power, always living in the shadow of some stronger sovereignty. There were those who cherished the idea that "Scandinavian brotherhood" might develop into a regional bloc which would provide them all the military security they would need. There is, however, a fundamental difference between the roots of Icelandic foreign policy and those of the other Scandinavian countries. While Norway, Sweden, and Denmark must be concerned with who is the major power on the European Continent, and govern their policies accordingly, Iceland must follow the policies of that nation which is the major power in the Atlantic.

Norway has a similar interest, but Iceland, without navy or air force, is concerned primarily with sea and air power over the North Atlantic. For that reason Icelanders have been keenly aware of our policy of taking second place to Great Britain on the sea and in the air over Iceland all through this war, despite the fact that we have maintained a sizeable land-based garrison on the island. Throughout our occupation of Iceland, it is the British who have technically been recognized as being in "supreme command" on the sea and in the air over Iceland—not the Americans. The Icelanders look upon this as indicating that we are deferring to Britain in matters of policy with regard to their country.

The tendency toward pan-Scandinavianism led to an interesting paradox in Icelandic feeling. Inspired in part by this impulse, and in part by the mass desire for selecting the most popular aspect of an unpopular war, was a strong demonstration of Icelandic solidarity with Norway as a result of the German occupation. Despite this, there was a more or less general denial that the same thing might have happened to Iceland, had it not been for the resistance of the Norwegian Navy and the policing of the North Atlantic in 1940 by the British. For many Icelanders neutrality was real, and they felt that Iceland's policy of neutrality would have been respected even by Germany.

Two paradoxes seem to be developing out of the present war. In order to defeat a totalitarian ideology, the democratic nations have had to scrap significant parts of their own liberal tradition and part of the mechanics of democracy. Postwar Europe also will be left so impoverished and exhausted by war that direct government intervention in industrial reconstruction and large expenditures of foreign capital will

be required. Only a continuation of strong central governments in Europe will be able to cope with such undertakings. A democratic Europe is not likely soon to be a legacy of this war. The liberal tradition, driven underground by authoritarian dictatorships, will have a difficult time of it in Europe for years to come.

We have fought a war which was to leave as its principal monument a strong world order. To the superior sovereignty of this order nations would yield, because in an unorganized world aggressive powers rode roughshod over weaker nations. In collective security weaker nations would find the strength to support them against aggression. Yet many of the liberated nations and some of the smaller nations who were not in the war are feeling the effects of the "shot in the arm" which their sovereign ego has received, and now want to strike out definitely on their own. Many of them have long been under an alien sovereignty and feel they can do as good a job for themselves as could some new order. If only they can sell their surpluses abroad, and be left to make their own economic and political decisions without interference, they feel confident of themselves and their own power to safeguard their future. Strong nationalisms in postwar Europe are now being forged in war.

The apparent paradox of official collaboration with proposals for international organization, and the feeling that neutrality is still a possible instrument of foreign policy, finds explanation in *Realpolitik*. Co-operation with an international organization costs a small power little and may gain it much. Why not string along for what it is worth? This opportunism is built, in part, on a hope that it may help to create or maintain foreign trade.

For centuries Iceland has been under the commercial domination of some foreign power. First it was Denmark, and more recently it has been Great Britain. Fear of continued domination of its economic life is strong, and after the British control of Iceland's wartime economy in 1940-41, its people welcomed the advent of the United States' occupation, because it brought a greater degree of economic freedom. As we began to withdraw our forces in 1943 and to diminish our economic props under its economy, Iceland reminded us that, whereas in 1941 we talked about Iceland as being "part of the western hemisphere," now we were stressing the fact that she was a member of "the sterling bloc." Economically and geographically the latter statement was much nearer the truth, and nearer to the Icelanders' own ideas of where their future bread was going to be buttered. They still had hopes, however, that America, the land of gold and opportunity, would continue to manifest its interest in Iceland by buying some of its produce.

The markets which Iceland will need in the future, if it is to maintain its economy at anything like its present standard, will have to be wider than before the war. If it wants this broader market, its production will have to be more specialized, less medieval, than it is now. Because of its poverty, and the fact of foreign commercial domination by more advanced industrial nations, Iceland has been slow to develop any primary industries which might provide a finished, or even a semi-finished, product to the world market. Up to the time of the war its principal finished product was salt fish—certainly a primitive article. Its most important salt fish markets were destroyed by the war and the blockade of the European mainland. Its cod liver oil, rich as that is, has been sold largely in the crude form, and it is only recently that a refining industry has begun to develop. Nowhere is Iceland marketing its own cod liver oil under its own label, made into a finished product within its own boundaries. The profit between the liver of the fish and the vitamin capsule sold in the drug store goes into the hands of foreign corporations.

Much the same is true of its herring oil and meal, although in recent years Iceland has made progress toward the modernization of its herring industry. It exports virtually all its herring oil, yet each year it buys back the raw material for making oleomargarine which it could be producing from its own fish oils. Its wool is sold raw, clipped or in the form of sheep skins, and yet its small spinning and weaving industry does not begin even to supply its own domestic needs. When its salt fish markets were closed, Iceland turned to shipping fresh fish in ice to Britain as a war measure, knowing this to be an emergency market. The war has seen a large expansion in its frozen fish industry, but the canned fish industry and the specialty fish lines have not advanced, despite a hungry war market in which Iceland was favorably situated. What will happen in this industry of fishing, which accounts for about ninety percent of Iceland's total exports, when the war is over and the fisheries of the rest of the world once more begin to compete, is anything but apparent. As a matter of fact, what happens to Iceland as a nation will depend very much on the answer to this question and the answer that is found to its serious farm problem.

There has been a gradual change in dietary habits in Iceland, but its agriculture still remains too primitive in a society growing increasingly urban and industrial. Wartime prosperity for the fishing industry has led some people, too often for political reasons, to minimize and ridicule the importance of Icelandic agriculture. This attitude ignores the fact that farming is a fundamental aspect of the economy of most nations. The importance of agriculture in Icelandic history is over-

looked by those who choose to forget, or do not know, that in the years before 1874 Iceland had no capital of its own, and that it was the farmers, through the export of wethers to England, who acquired the gold that became Iceland's first source of capital development. Also overlooked is the fact that Iceland's fishing industry before the war was almost bankrupt, that fishing industries the world over have always been precarious ventures, and that the sea does not provide Iceland with its major domestic source of food, while agriculture does. Radical factions, seeking to influence the larger voting population in the urban areas, will live to learn that agriculture is still a basic industry in Iceland.

In the minds of many Icelanders their own future is tied pretty closely to the decisions through which the United Nations plan to reconstitute the world. They are particularly influenced by the United States, Great Britain, and Soviet Russia—three nations which since the war have sent full ranking ministers to represent them at Reykjavik. The Soviets, strangely enough, have the most heavily manned legation in Reykjavik, yet little trade exists between the two nations and exchange between them, either cultural or economic, in the past has been very slight. While the present closer relationship between Iceland and the Soviets, in the minds of some, is ideological, as well as an anti-Nazi gesture, there are those who see Russia as a possible customer, a source of raw materials at lower prices. They see Russia as the coming power in Europe, where Iceland normally does most of its business.

None of Iceland's four major political parties has today a membership in parliament sufficiently large to enable it to organize a cabinet without support from one or more of its opponents. Efforts at forming a coalition cabinet during 1943 failed, so a cabinet, named by Sveinn Björnsson while he was Regent, attempted for more than a year to govern without party following in the parliament. This is a situation which weakened party leadership.

In the last three elections the Communists have gained strength. While it is unlikely that Iceland will go Communist, a party realignment is in the making, and the effect of Soviet Russia on the political thinking, not only of Iceland, but of all the Scandinavian countries, particularly in their criticism of capitalism, is going to be more significant than is imagined.

On October 21, 1944 a new and significant coalition Government was formed headed by an able veteran in Icelandic public life, Olafur Thors; and included in it for the first time are two representatives of the Communist party. The six-man Cabinet, made up of two men each

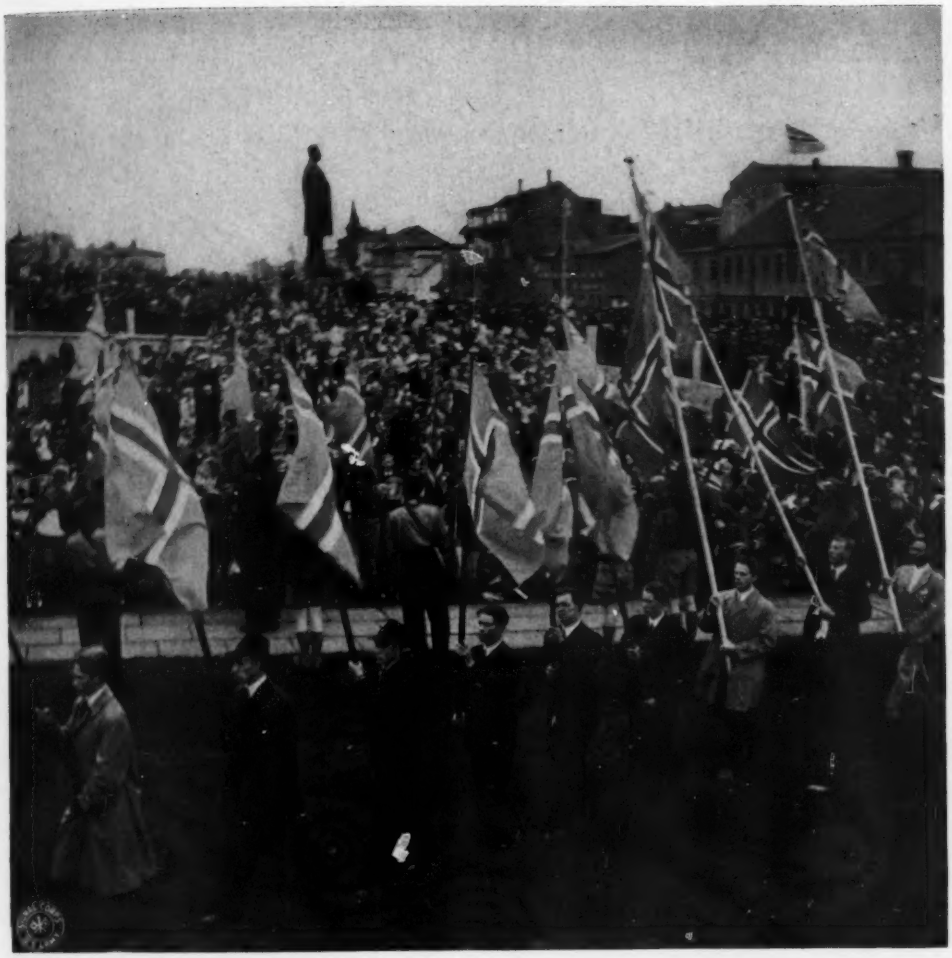
from the Conservative, Social-Democrat, and Communist parties, advocates a strong program of "guaranteeing the independence and security of Iceland" through international agreements and to "support participation by Icelanders in the international co-operation" to be undertaken by the United Nations. It proposes to maintain at the same time close co-operation in cultural and social affairs" with Scandinavian countries.

The preoccupation of the Icelanders with economic problems in the immediate and postwar periods is apparent in the new Government's declaration that its main aim is "to assure that all citizens will be able to have work in the most profitable type of employment." It proposes to seek agreement with other nations by participation in international conferences on production, trade, and foreign relations. Icelanders also demand recognition of their right to sell all exports, anticipating world cartelization and possible international agreements resulting in an arbitrary division of fields of production.

In this war Iceland has become a capital exporting nation and the new Government has acted to set aside 300 million kronur of its available foreign credits in a special fund to be administered by it for developing the productive capacity of the nation. Two-thirds of the fund is definitely set aside for purchase of ships, marine engines, and materials for shipbuilding. The remainder is split equally between agriculture and industry for the expansion of canning factories, herring and quick-freezing plants, agricultural mechanization, and the processing and development of farm production.

Citizens will not be permitted to commit foreign exchange without consent of the cabinet. A committee is to be named to plan purchases of capital goods and a single government agency to make all import purchases and export sales will be retained in the postwar period "if it becomes evident that because of rules as to foreign trade by other countries it is considered advantageous or necessary." A managed and planned economy is in the making in this program, but it is apparent that Iceland will be influenced strongly by the economic policies of America and Britain. Iceland hopes for integration of its program within one for world co-operation, looking toward an expanding economy as insurance against unemployment.

Iceland has become a modern nation, as well as an independent state, in a single generation. It has made progress during the war; it has earned friends abroad; it has found a new sense of strength and a new feeling of its importance in the world. It proposes to keep those gains. It has no intention of going back to the world it left behind when, by its own decision, it cut itself adrift from Denmark when the latter was



Color Bearers on Their Way to the Lawn in Front of the Government Building in Reykjavik, June 18

invaded by the Germans in 1941. It cannot go back; so it must go forward. There is every reason to feel that it will continue to grow stronger. Its public mind is pragmatic.

I shall never forget an experience I once had when flying from Maine to Iceland in a four-motor bomber. It was late one November night, and we set off into the darkness, heavily loaded with freight and personnel. At a high altitude we made good speed, but it was as if we stood still. At least that is how it seems to travel with nothing but the stars overhead and the clouds below as points to which you can relate your speed. There are no fence posts along the highways of the air and no sign post to tell you where the next stop is likely to be. That same

curiosity, however, which plagues a person taking a long train ride, about "where are we now" also grips a person taking a long ride in a plane. This inquisitiveness got me, and after what seemed hours I asked the pilot where we were. "We have just passed the point of no return," was his laconic answer.

While this meant something very definite to him, it left me still just as much "up in the air" as ever. He volunteered further explanation. "We have gone so far now," he said, "that we have not gas enough to go back to where we started from, and our only hope is to find a safe landing somewhere on the other side." Now his point meant something very definite to me, as I looked down at a cold, angry sea several thousand feet below.

As we roared on our way, this phrase "point of no return" kept ringing in my ears. Even the motors seemed to hum it. As we went on, I thought to myself, "How much like life is not a journey in an airplane!" In the life of every individual, in the life of a nation, and in the life of the world, there comes a time when they reach a point of no return, a point at which they have not gas enough to go back to where they started from, and they, too, must find a safe landing somewhere on the other side.

This is the case of Iceland today, just as it is the case of the United States and the rest of the civilized world. They, too, have reached their point of no return. No matter how much inner desire may urge some of them to seek a way back, no matter how loudly some men or groups of men may cry "Back, back!" there is no turning back. The only hope, of all nations, large or small, is to go on from this point of no return to find a safe landing for themselves and their peoples in a new world in which men may live, free and independent, in an ordered world in which the equitable rule of law is supreme. More true than ever are now the words "With law shall a land be built; with lawlessness destroyed."

Hjalmar Bjornson is an American newspaper man of Icelandic descent. He held a position in the Farm Securities Administration in Washington when he was sent to Iceland as administrator of Lend Lease. He has now returned to his newspaper in Minneapolis

Pictures by courtesy of the United States Signal Corps



The Artist at Work

John F. Carlson

JOHN F. CARLSON, who has been called an "institution" in the American art world, was born in Småland, Sweden, in 1875, and came to this country with his parents at the age of eleven. His canvases are found in the leading galleries of the United States, and many honors have come to him. As a teacher in the John F. Carlson School of Landscape Painting which he founded at Woodstock, New York, in 1923, as well as in the Art Students' League in New York, he has exercised a profound influence on the younger generation of artists.

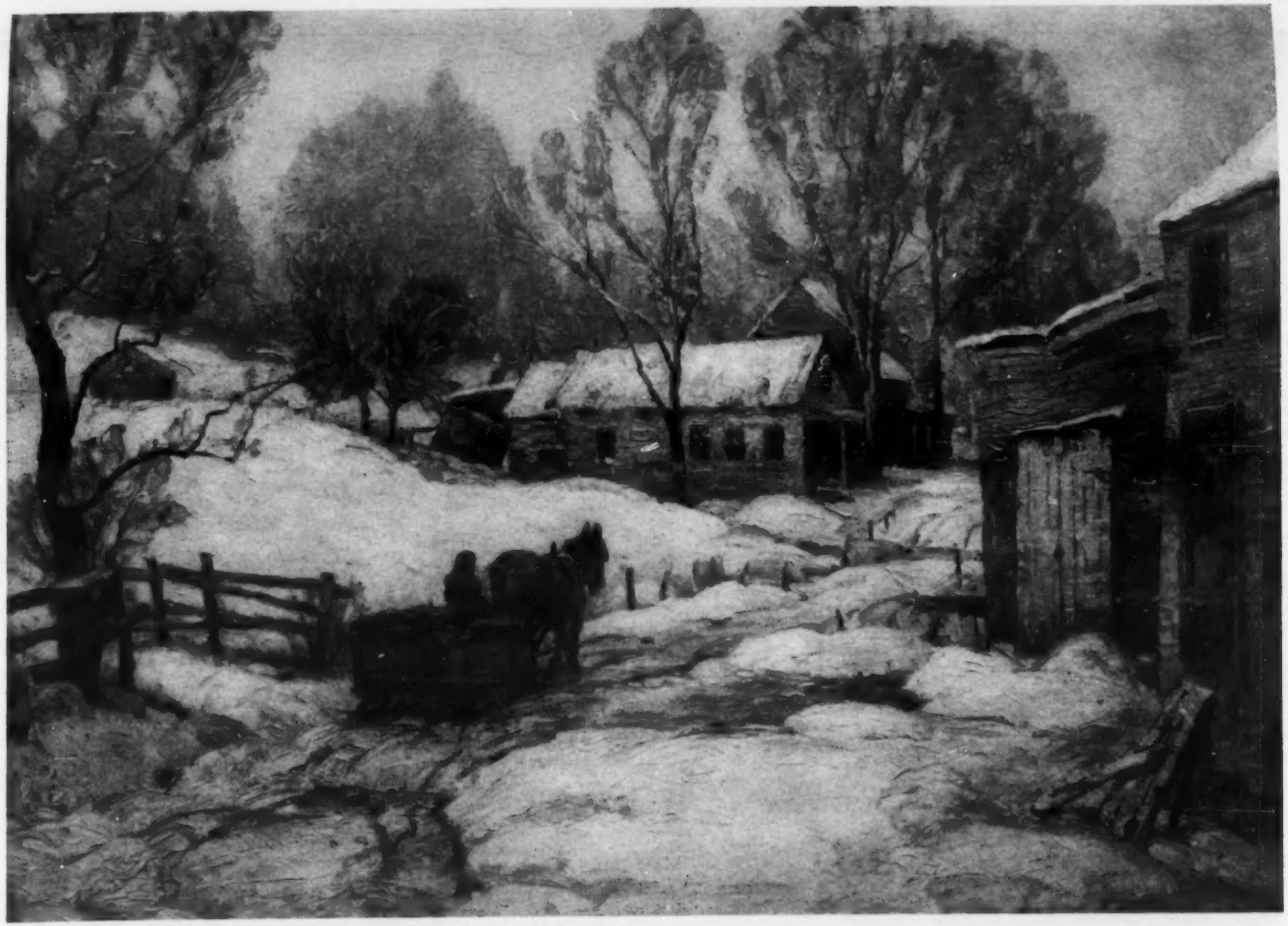
"I would rather be in the woods than any other place on earth," Carlson said in an interview in *American Artist*, "and I have spent a good part of my life painting trees. Naturally I've gotten pretty well acquainted with them. Excellent friends they are, and for me the most fascinating 'sitters.' Trees are a lot like human beings; rooted men, possessing character, ambitions, and idiosyncrasies. . . . No one, it seems to me, can really paint trees without being extremely sensitive to their rhythm and all that is going on in the woods, without indeed having considerably more than a casual acquaintance with sylvan society."



"Derelicts," Painting by John F. Carlson



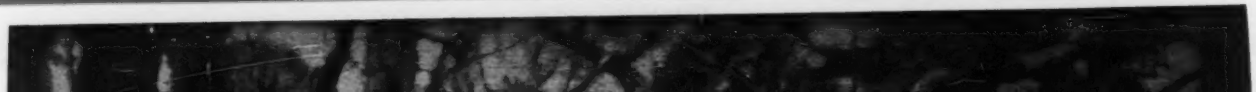
"Derelicts," Painting by John F. Carlson



"January Morning"



"Winter Morning"



"Winter Morning"



"Sunny Isles"

English as World Language

By Wilhelm Keilhau

LANGUAGE SERVES three main purposes. In the first instance, it is, in its spoken form, an instrument for direct exchange of information, opinions, and emotions between living individuals. Secondly, it is, in its written and printed forms, an instrument for indirect conveyance of knowledge and impulses, making it possible even for dead men to address us and for us to address unborn generations. Thirdly, it is, in its intangible and unrecordable form, our instrument for that endless talk every one of us carries on with his own self, giving definite shape to his thoughts; it is our instrument for thinking. Thus, language is addressed not only to ear and eye, but also to that compound faculty which we may term the sense of self-consciousness. In all these three uses language appears as a bearer of thought. Logically, language is primarily an instrument of thinking.

In order to fulfill its task in a satisfactory way, language will, therefore, first of all have to be an expedient machinery for the mind. It must be sufficiently rich and flexible for everyday thinking, and its technical terms must possess that exact precision which is necessary in systematic methodic reasoning. An artificial language, like Esperanto and Ido, may without difficulty be made useful for purely abstract deductions. But it will lack that spontaneity and instantaneousness which a linguistic medium must possess if it shall be a help to our self-consciousness in the ever changing situations of daily life. Only a living language, in common and continuous use by a great number of persons belonging to different classes of society, will ever be able to render us such service. But if you cannot think in a language, you will never feel at home in it, you will never master it, you will never be able to express yourself in it; whatever you say or write in that language will be of secondary value. An artificial language will always remain a second-class linguistic medium. But it is not fair to suggest that a second-class instrument should be used for that enormously important part of human activity which we call international co-operation.

As an artificial language never can be the linguistic medium of thought, it will deter poets, artists, and lovers of literature. Its belletristic library will consist of mere translations. Indirectness is its nature. And as no nation ever used it to express its character and individuality, it is doomed to remain soulless and bloodless. Artificial lan-

guages will consequently not be able to teach anyone anything about foreign nations.

It is, therefore, an error in principle to assume that a language like Esperanto will be able to lessen the burden that the diversity of languages has placed upon human civilization. We do not learn foreign languages for the sake of international co-operation. We learn them in order to study and understand foreign nations. Esperanto will not help us to achieve that purpose. Even if Esperanto should be introduced as a school discipline all over the world, everyone who wishes to know anything substantial about foreign nations would have to study foreign languages just as before. Esperanto would not be a substitute for any of the leading languages, but an addition to them. It would, therefore, not be welcomed by the schoolmasters, and children, being realists, would probably hate it.

For all these reasons the campaigns for languages like Esperanto or Ido are hopeless enterprises. They have, in fact, consumed too much professional energy and labor. Those idealists who still make propaganda for them ought to devote themselves to a more practical linguistic policy, joining us who work for the introduction of a living language as a common auxiliary instrument. In fact, the actual question of today is not whether we shall choose an artificial or a living language, but which living language will be most suitable.

As late as at the outbreak of the present war, English had at least one serious competitor, for although the influence of French had been declining ever since the end of the Napoleonic wars, that refined and elegant language was still favored by several of the smaller nations, particularly in the south and east of the so-called "European" continent. During that fateful year of 1940, however, the scales were decidedly turned in favor of English. The downfall of France, this most tragic historic event since the destruction of the Roman Empire, deprived French of its former position, and her speedy liberation this year has not fully restored it. Simultaneously, Great Britain stood up as the sole remaining fortress of democracy and civilization. On her soil the governments from the occupied countries found new seats. London was in some months transformed from a national to an international capital—in fact, the first international capital in universal history. English was used officially, not only by His Britannic Majesty's Government, but also by seven other governments residing in London. At the same time as the paper shortage reduced the size of every daily, there was founded in London a number of new papers, edited by foreigners, most of them in their native tongue, but some in English; in other words, we witnessed the appearance of a really international press,

under English aegis. Last but not least, English was made the liaison language of the most international unity of fighting forces that has ever existed. When, about a year and a half later, the other English-speaking world power joined the common democratic war, the importance of all these factors was multiplied. Events have, in fact, already made English the leading auxiliary language of the world. What remains is solely the official recognition of an existing state.

Some time ago I made a proposal for such an official recognition. It was first published in the opening number of *The Norseman*, an independent Norwegian bi-monthly, appearing in English. I suggested that the allied non-British governments in London give to the world a new democratic Charter of the World Language. It would have to embody the following three main principles:

1. That the Allied Governments adopt English as the inter-democratic language. They pledge themselves to use it as the linguistic medium for their collaboration.
2. The Allied Governments shall as soon as possible after the re-establishment of peace, introduce (or re-introduce) English as a compulsory subject in their elementary schools.
3. The Allied Governments will favor the use of English as an auxiliary language in their higher schools, their scientific institutions, their external services, and their official broadcasting.

At the end of the present war there will probably not be concluded any peace treaty. The enemy will have to accept a number of armistice conditions, all giving details of what his "unconditional surrender" will mean in different fields of political, economic, and social life. After that he will have to "wait and see." But if such a procedure is chosen, it will necessitate the conclusion of another treaty—an inter-conqueror treaty, regulating the continued co-operation of the United Nations during the postwar period. The world language charter would find its natural place within the framework of this treaty.

It would, however, be unwise to leave the promotion of the idea to governments only. If English shall be able to render effective service as a world language, a number of energetic men and women belonging to all the United Nations must be willing to work for it. I have, therefore, made the supplementary suggestion that the non-British scientists and linguists for the present residing in London should form a World-Language Union, which might be endorsed by the British Association. It should adopt the following programme:

1. The Union works for the adoption of English as an auxiliary world language.
2. The Union is willing to render its assistance to every nation which has introduced English as an auxiliary language.
3. The Union will favor the publishing, in English, of at least one daily paper and

one periodical to promote free discussion in every such country and will, through its central office, be instrumental in the exchange of news and articles between these papers and periodicals.

I have no doubt that periodicals and dailies published by such a Union would be able to do excellent work besides that of backing the world language. They would be centrals for the exchange of information and ideas. They would form a literary meeting place for talents from all democratic nations. They would be instrumental in creating that spiritual force which alone can safeguard peace and progress: an international public opinion.

Professor Wilhelm Keilhau is a Norwegian historian and economist. He was chairman of the Norwegian delegation to the conference at Bretton Woods

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Ole Roemer

By Kaj Aage Strand

THE DISCOVERY that light travels with a finite velocity must be considered one of the most important events in mankind's efforts towards obtaining an accurate picture of the physical world. The discovery was made by the Danish astronomer and statesman Ole Roemer, who was born in the city of Aarhus on September 25, 1644. By observing the eclipses of one of Jupiter's moons, he computed that light required 11 minutes to traverse the 93 million miles from the sun to the earth. Modern observations show that the actual value is close to 500 seconds or 8 minutes and 19 seconds. Roemer's value was of the correct order of magnitude; when everyone believed that light travelled with infinite velocity, he offered a means of contradicting that belief which convinced most scientists of his time.

Ole Roemer was a most versatile character, with an unbelievable capacity for work. When the French astronomer Picard visited Copenhagen in 1671 for the purpose of determining the precise position of Uranienborg on the island of Hveen, where Tycho Brahe made his famous observations, he soon discovered that Roemer had unusual abilities. The result was that Roemer followed Picard to Paris.

It was during the ten years which Roemer spent in France that he discovered the finite velocity of light. He showed his mechanical and inventive genius by constructing machines which reproduced the appar-

ent motion of the planets and by inventing a micrometer superior to anything previously designed. He also took part in many important projects, which cannot even be enumerated in a short article.

Ole Roemer returned to his native land in 1681 to become professor of mathematics at the University of Copenhagen. Christian V, recognizing his great and varied technical knowledge, appointed him Astronomer Royal and placed him in charge of many important projects. In 1693 he became First Magistrate of Copenhagen, a position corresponding to that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court; the next year, as Chief Tax Assessor, he devised an efficient system for uniform taxation. A few years later he became Mayor of Copenhagen, Chief of Police, and finally head of the King's State Council; this position he held until his death in 1710.

In all these capacities he served his country faithfully and honorably. In addition to holding his professorship at the University, he found time to design a thermometer and supervise the yearly edition of a calendar. Fantastic as it sounds, he succeeded in making fully as many observations as the great Tycho Brahe (1546-1601) and the astronomical instruments which he designed and constructed were so efficient and so far ahead of their day that he must certainly be rated as one of the greatest practical astronomers of all times.

In 1681 Roemer married Anne Maria Bartholin, the daughter of one of his professors at the University. After her death he married the daughter of Caspar Bartholin, Regius professor of philosophy in the University of Copenhagen. He did not survive his second wife, and died suddenly at the age of 65 on September 19, 1710.

When we consider how much he accomplished in his life, it is no surprise that he was too busy to devote any time to the spreading of his ideas. Besides, he was too modest to demand glory or praise. Considered a leading figure by his contemporaries, he is today known generally only for his discovery of *Lysets Tøven* and for the first determination of the velocity of light.

Kaj Aage Strand held the Rømer-Bartholin Fellowship at the University of Copenhagen in 1929-31. In 1938 he came here as a Fellow of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. He is on the staff of Sproul Observatory at Swarthmore College and at present is a lieutenant in the United States Air Force



Blicher on the Heath Among the Gypsies
Painting by C. Dalsgaard

Writers of Jutland

By Georg Strandvold

IN THIS COUNTRY we speak of the New England, the Southern, the Midwest and other schools of writing, not forgetting that they are parts fitting into the general picture of American literature. In some other countries there is a corresponding division: in France, for instance, the Provençal and the Parisian; in England, Thomas Hardy's Wessex country, and—not to forget—the Scottish regions; in Germany, the Swabian school, and so on. These derivations stem from

what Johannes V. Jensen, with untranslatable alliteration, has called *Stoffet og Stedet*, that is, the material and the background, in other words a home community. And that is not merely a group of people now living in a certain place—no, it is much more. It is all those who are dead and who died perhaps centuries ago; it is the landscape, the climate, the traditions, the folkways, the dialects, the manner of thinking, the way of daily living.

In Denmark, tiny country though it is, there is a similar division, remarkable because the area is so limited, and has no deep valleys, no towering mountains, no thundering rivers separating the communities. On the islands—Zealand, Fyn, Lolland, Falster, Langeland, Taasinge, and ever so many others—there are rolling hills, idyllic beechwoods, glistening rivulets, acres of fragrant clover and sea-blue cornflowers; but Jutland, the peninsula which forms the direct connection with the European Continent of which it is a part, is, largely, different. To be sure, there are forests and fields as on the islands, but there are also dunes and quicksand dunes, sea off the west coast, sea to the north, and sea to the east; at one point—Grenen—the waters of the North Sea and the Baltic meet. Nestling between the coasts there was until not so many years ago the heath, shallow soil where nothing useful could grow until nineteenth century ingenuity and skill converted most of the arid soil into tree plantations and fertile fields. In the undisturbed and reposeful days of the wistful heath, you could find, for miles upon miles, the delicate flowers of the heather, and above them, invisible, sang the skylark, which somehow has become known as the characteristic bird of Jutland.

If the flowers of the heather bloom more beautifully in the dry, sandy soil of the heath than anywhere else, it may perhaps also be said that the song of the skylark, soaring above desolate regions, vies in loveliness with that of the nightingale in the bright green beechwoods of the islands.

Such, in brief, is Jutland, the background of some of the most virile literature that has come out of Denmark.

Steen Steensen Blicher (1782-1848) was, in a literary sense, the discoverer of Jutland, and thus has become generally known as the earliest writer of what is often referred to as the Jutland School in Danish literature. He knew more intimately than anyone before him the gloomy beauty of his native province, and his love for it was etched into books that have become part of the imperishable treasures of Danish literature. Blicher was a member of a family which had comprised generations of clergymen. He was born in a rural parsonage, and was destined by his father to become a man of the cloth, but after having been graduated from the Randers Latin school, a serious illness deflected him from his course. He overcame the ailment by disobeying most of the orders his doctor had given him, and was for a while a tutor in a manor on one of the southern islands. Then he came to Copenhagen, where he heard Henrik Steffens' lectures at the University, translated Macpherson's version of the Ossian epic, *Fingal*, and also wrote a tragedy, *The Foster Brothers*, the manuscript of which was lost during the English bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807 —together with everything else Blicher then owned. At the age of twenty-seven, he finally took his degree at the University of Copenhagen as a Bachelor of Divinity. Shortly thereafter he became a teacher at the Randers Latin school, and married the wealthy, seventeen-year-old widow of his uncle. This union proved most unhappy, and at the same time Blicher suffered from the intellectual sterility of the Randers school. He therefore left to take over the management of his father's parsonage farm at Randlev. Later he obtained a charge as pastor to the

Torning and Lysgaard congregations, where he preached from 1819 to 1825, and finally he served the church at Spentrup until his death in 1848. In the meantime his wife's fortune gradually trickled away, and the birth of ten children intensified the economic distress that plagued him forever after. He divorced his wife, and sought refuge from his manifold worries in literature rather than in his ecclesiastical labors.

During most of his life Blicher was an ardent hunter, and his wanderings carried him to nearly all parts of his beloved Jutland, giving him an opportunity of familiarizing himself with life, from the castles of the nobility to the miserable hovels of the poorest—among them the descendants of gypsies who at that time roamed all over the peninsula. Keenly observant as he was, he made his open-air existence the basis for his literary work. Already in 1817 he had written his "Jutland Journey in Six Days," also, a little later, a beautiful and tender greeting to the poet, Bernhard Severin Ingemann, "The Heath-Lark's Welcome to the Nightingale," but it was not until he was forty-two years old that he really "found himself" and began writing his famous short stories with the somber Jutland heath as the background. Most celebrated among them was "The Parson at Vejlby" (1829) which, by the way, is thought to have suggested Mark Twain's *Tom Sawyer*. The Jutland short stories, including many dealing with the highwaymen and vagabonds of the time, fill a number of volumes, and Blicher's poems also were collected in book form. Perhaps the most poignant of his verse is found in *Migratory Birds* (1838) whose Prelude contains the movingly melancholy poem, "The Time Is Coming When I Must Leave," a swan song without parallel in the literature of Denmark.

Blicher was sixty years old when he published *The Knitting Bee* (*E Bindstouw*), a collection of stories written in the inimitable Jutland dialect, replete with gaiety and pathos, and describing the Jutlander with all his characteristic traits, his subtleness, his shrewdness, his emotional reticence, his dry sense of humor, and his stubborn persistence in speech and action.

Intensely patriotic, Blicher initiated a series of meetings at the Himmelbjerg with lectures and community-singing, which, during the few years they were continued, exerted a great influence on the minds of the Jutlanders. He also wrote official and unofficial reports on the topography, fauna, and flora of the province.

In spite of economic worries, a tragic home life, and the tardy recognition of his importance as a writer, Blicher in his works was often able to sustain a spirit of quiet merriment, frequently, however, mingled with some of the profound sadness inherent in the Jutland heath.

Chronologically and to a certain extent topographically, Jens Peter Jacobsen (1847-1885) belongs here. He was born in Thisted in the northwestern part of Jutland the year before Blicher died. While he was not a Jutlander in the general sense used here, Jutland was essentially the mainspring in most of what he wrote, and just as you can tell the quality of good paper by its watermark or the genuineness of currency by its fine-woven silk threads, so you can detect the Jutlander in Jacobsen's novels.

From the southeastern part of Jutland came Henrik Pontoppidan (1857-1943), born in the city of Fredericia and, like Blicher, a descendant of a long line of clergymen. His soberly realistic, detached, and objective treatment of modern problems can perhaps be traced back to the Jutland streams in his blood, accumulated through many centuries, and shaped by generations that flourished and vanished a long time ago.

A realistic Jutlander also was Jakob Knudsen (1858-1917), but not in the religiously unorthodox sense of Pontop-

pidan. This year it is one hundred years since the first Danish folk high school was opened at Rödding, Danish North Slesvig, just about the southernmost point of Jutland as it was before the defeat which Prussia and Austria administered to Denmark in 1864. Knudsen's father, originally a farmer boy from the vicinity of Ribe, was a teacher at Rödding, and later became a clergyman. Jakob Knudsen himself has, in a speech which he called "Jutlanders," indicated the sternness prevailing in his boyhood home. He became a Bachelor of Divinity, and taught for a while at the Askov Folk High School which after 1864 had replaced Rödding. For a period of seven years he was a Free Church minister at Mellerup. Thereafter he devoted himself to writing and lecturing, but did not in the beginning make any deep impression in either field. When he wrote *The Old Minister* (1899), however, he revealed a quite unusual skill as a character delineator, and strengthened his reputation with novels such as *Ferment* and *Clarification* (1902-03). In his *Temper* (1903), *Inger* (1906), *Progress* (1907), and others, he analyzed the characteristic faults and virtues of his fellow-Jutlanders in a keen and gripping manner, and one of his most widely popular novels, *Teacher Urup*, belongs to this period. Two of his important novels, *Fear* (1912) and *Courage* (1914), deal with aspects of the life of Martin Luther but are, spiritually speaking, autobiographical. In whatever Jakob Knudsen wrote he was, primarily, the Jutlander, even his diction giving strong evidence of it.

Jacobsen, Pontoppidan, and Knudsen definitely belong to the Jutland school founded by Blicher, but they did not confine themselves to the atmosphere of their native soil exclusively. They went farther afield, though never far enough to obliterate their heritage.

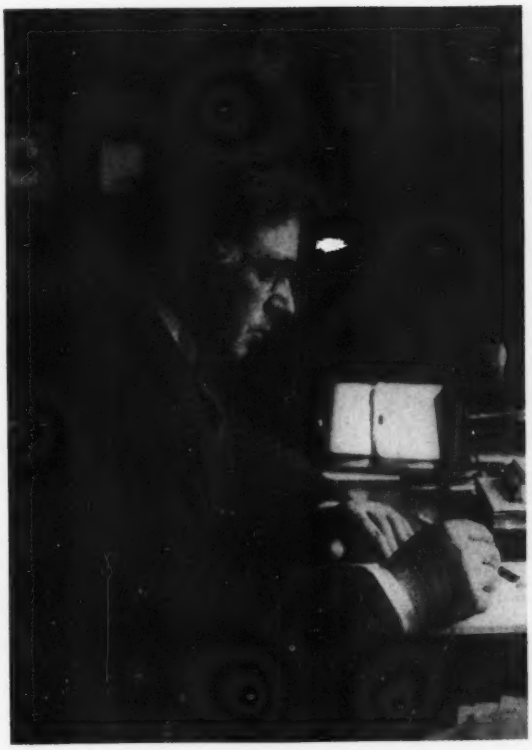
Johan Skjoldborg (1861-1936), on the other hand, never moved beyond his Jutland region in his writings. He was the son of a cobbler and cotter, became a clerk in a general merchandise store in the small city of Nibe, later on attended a teachers' college, became a schoolmaster, and at the age of thirty-two wrote his first book, *In the Shadow* (1893). Shortly thereafter he published *A Warrior* (1896), these two novels marking the entrance of the rural proletariat into Danish literature. They mirror life among the day laborers employed by large estates on a wage scale so small, and living under conditions so dismal, that it is difficult to realize nowadays how such families managed to exist. The fact that the situation has been completely changed during the last forty or fifty years is due largely to the influence of the Skjoldborg books already mentioned as well as to that of his *The Crow House* (1898), *Gyldholm* (1902), *The Bjerre Farm* (1904), and to other writers who deepened the furrows Skjoldborg had ploughed.

There are no doubt persons in the United States who remember Skjoldborg from his lecture trip through this country in 1911, and who recall his constant habit of making pencilled notes in a small book —much like that other diligent observer of life, Zola. No matter where he was, on trains, in subways, on sidewalks, in theaters, in museums, in private homes, he would ask questions, and each answer was hurriedly jotted down. The method was characteristic of Skjoldborg: exceedingly conscientious in studying even the seemingly most insignificant minutiæ of life about him; not always correspondingly meticulous in his style of writing. His special domain is that part of Jutland which is adjacent to the Limfjord—one might call it the north central part. Pretty consistently he hewed to his line, and book after book relentlessly revealed the misery of the poor in the Jutland region to an astonished, a disbelieving, later a grateful, Denmark. His love for this neglected class of society was warmly evident in every line he wrote. That is true also of

his songs, at least two of which have become exceedingly popular and among those most frequently heard in his country, namely, "You Cotter who Work the Unyielding Soil" and "When Winter Is Oozing from Furrow and Ditch."

Skjoldborg wrote several plays for the stage, *Ideal Forces* (1907), *Mikkel Larsen's Boys* (1914), the latter, especially, proving successful in theaters in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

Like the novels, the poems and the plays faithfully remain on the soil of Jutland and deal with the impecunious cotters and their oft-times arrogant and heartless bosses. It is the same in almost all of Skjoldborg's numerous short stories, newspaper articles, and lectures, and rarely has it been recorded that a writer has devoted his affection and his skill as unswervingly to a single cause as he did. In time the group of people for and about whom he wrote became a powerful political and economic factor, and in their new days of sunshine they did not forget the man who had fought for them during the dreary years of darkness. They gave him a farm; when he lost that, they gave him another; and in various ways they showered honors upon their champion.



Jeppe Aakjær

Denmark has no rivers, in the usual sense of the word; it may be that the country's biggest streamlet might elsewhere have been dignified by the name of river, but it is not so known there. Perhaps it is a result of a more or less traditionally determined sense of inferiority that fairly large bodies of running water are not called rivers as they are in larger countries but merely *Aa* and *Bæk*. There is no exact English equivalent of either—they are small, narrow, not very deep rivers, only not known as such. Wherever you go in Denmark, you have to cross an *Aa* or a *Bæk*, and one of the most famous is *Karup Aa*—because JEPPE AAKJÆR (1866-1930) made it so. He was born not very far from that winding ribbon of water, as the son of a small farmer, and you notice that he has *Aa* in his name; that fixes his background, to be precise, at Fly, near the city of Skive.

As a boy he worked for farmers in the community, became lovingly familiar with nature, had very little formal schooling, but was always athirst for knowledge. Through many trials and tribulations, described in detail in his autobiography, he finally was matriculated at the University of Copenhagen. One of his experiences before he entered the portals of this temple of learning was being arrested as an agitator, speaking in favor of a political liberalism which was desired by many—and forbidden by the few who then had

the power. At the age of thirty he became a Bachelor of Arts.

The true Jutlander in Aakjær revealed himself in the significantly entitled *The Farmer's Son* (1899), *Fjands Parish People* (1901), *The Children of Wrath* (1904).

Early he had proved himself an historian in a small way, for during his farm years he collected a number of legends from the lips of the people in his vicinity, and they now form—many of them still unpublished—a valuable part of the collections housed in the Royal Library in Copenhagen. This experience gave him training which stood him in good stead when he decided to write *Steen Steensen Blicher's Life Tragedy* (1903-04), one of the monuments in Danish biographical literature.

Nearly all of his novels and shorter stories deal with life near the banks of Karup Aa—there are unforgettable scenes and portraits in *Where Farmers Live* (1908), *Old John and His Bible Tale* (1911), *The Joy of Work* (1914), and his voluminous autobiography, issued in several parts, each with its own title, during the 1920s, underscores his love for his own people.

It may be that Aakjær's prose works will be forgotten sooner than his poems, for when he wrote his stories he was a good deal of the agitator with an ax to grind. In his poetry he is, essentially, the lyricist, and some of the stanzas in his *Songs of the Rye* (1906), *Soil and Ore* (1909), *Summer and Meadow* (1910) are among the most beloved in Denmark. A number of his poems have been written in Jutland dialects; for many of them lilting music has been composed, and one song, "Jens Vejmand," describing an old rock carver sitting at the side of the country road, attained a popularity so immense that at one time it became, much to Aakjær's own chagrin, almost a nuisance. But the poet's own heartbeat was in it, and it touched the hearts of others.

Aakjær, like Skjoldborg, wrote several plays for the stage, for instance, *Life on the Hegn Farm* (1907), *The Song of the Wolf* (1909), *When Farmers Love* (1911), etc. They did not detract from his fame as one of the most widely admired writers of his native land.

Early in life Aakjær acquired a farm in his home community, naming it Jenle—Jutland idiom for "Lonely"; for many years he gathered here outstanding speakers and arranged annual summer festivities attended by thousands from all parts of the country, Jutlanders as well as islanders. In his Jenle garden he was found dead on a spring day in 1930, the victim of a stroke while he was working with his spade.

In a certain sense it may be said that Jeppe Aakjær built a bridge between his rustic Jutland and the academic Copenhagen world. A political radical, in some respects a religious rebel, a bit of a social reformer, he was deeply rooted in the soil near Karup Aa and never wanted to forget his origins; whenever he appeared in other parts of his country, there was a whiff of Jutland wind-blown freshness about him. The Poet of Jutland was the unofficial title he inherited from Blicher, in so many respects his idolized teacher and guide.

Aakjær was married twice, the first time to Marie Bregendahl, from whom he was divorced, the second time to Nanna Krog, who survived him.

Marie Bregendahl (1867-) and Jeppe Aakjær had a great deal in common —for instance, the place of birth, the interest in local folkways, the affection for the lowly, and the ability to report their observations and moods. Marie Bregendahl, true daughter of the soil, had listened to the organ music of the North Sea, to the storms that swept the meager fields in the Fjands region, and had, in various ways, gained much life experience when, at the age of thirty-five, she published her first book, *At the Sickbed of*

Lars the Tailor (1902). *Hendrik on the Hill* (1904) was the next, and although it now is recognized as one of her best novels, it took some time for the Danish reading public to become aware of its excellence—probably due to the fact her *A Night of Death* (1912), despite its mournful title and somber contents, overshadowed *Hendrik on the Hill* in public favor.

So far, Marie Bregendahl's novels had been brief, concise pictures of northwest Jutland life, but she had bigger things in mind, for her cycle, *Pictures from the Life of the Sea Valley People* (1914-23), appeared in six volumes and established her fame on a secure foundation. Later came *Holger Hauge and His Wife* (1934-35), and several other stories, nearly all dealing with the part of Jutland which was so close to her heart. Almost from the beginning of the century, she has lived in Copenhagen, and it seems as though she can visualize the Jutland farmers better from this point of vantage than from the home region itself; distance often clarifies vision. There is in Marie Bregendahl's works a stern fatalism, not unlike Thomas Hardy's, which reflects the enduring influences that shaped her soul during her years in the bleak and unkind environment of northwest Jutland. But those early impressions resulted in an art which is shot through with friendly and sympathetic understanding of human sorrow and modest happiness.



Johannes V. Jensen

Johannes Vilhelm Jensen (1873-) was born in the Himmerland region of northern Jutland, but his world extends from his native village of Farsö to the remotest spheres of Cosmos, and yet he remains essentially a Jutlander in thought and work. Originally studying medicine, Jensen quite early began writing his *Himmerland Stories* (1898-1910) and attracted immediate attention. In *The Fall of the King* (1899-1902) he painted the tragic figure of King Christian the Second of Denmark in an entirely new setting. Soon, however, he left the sixteenth century for the twentieth. *Madame d'Ora* (1904) and *The Wheel* (1905) indicated the new trend. It led far afield, also in a literal sense, for during these years Jensen began his excursions to many lands, the United States being one of those that he visited most frequently. Jensen is the great traveller in Danish literature, as witness his *Myths*, published at irregular intervals during a number of years, beginning in 1908, and his *Exotic Short Stories* (1907-1909). But he reached the heights from which he was able to see and describe mankind's progress through the centuries in *The Long Journey*, beginning with the bellicose Cimbrians of his home province and ending with a glorified apotheosis of Christopher Columbus and the New World. The first volume of this work ap-

peared in 1909, the final one twelve years later.

Jensen feels equally at home in the cold and dizzying star mists of the universe, in tropical countries, in a machine-worshipping America, on the small farms of Himmerland, and in the infinite world of mind and spirit, as in *The Stages of the Human Spirit* (1928). He has very determined ideas, is fearless in expressing them, and, in order to find adequate forms, sometimes coins entirely new words, a good many of which have now become an organic part of the Danish literary language.

Of Jensen it may be truly said that nothing human is alien to him. Equally unafraid of remote realms was *Thöger Larsen* (1875-1928) whose feet trod the sandy soil of his native West Jutland, and whose brow was framed by stars and clouds. He wrote a couple of collections of short stories, *The Fjord Bank* (1913) and *The Quern* (1915), but it is as the author of lyrics that he will be best remembered, collections such as *Earth* (1904), *The Days* (1905), *The Faraway* (1907), *Hills and Waves* (1912), *Weather and Wings* (1923). He spent nearly all his life on a farm near the city of Lemvig, and from his windows he gazed into realms too remote for understanding, but not for intuition and feeling. Larsen had a profound sense of kinship with the soil that gave him birth, and his love of nature finds delicate expression in many of his lyrics. He was not what is known as a popular writer, but true lovers of Danish poetry have long ago included him in the gallery of the gods. Heavy-shod, he almost never attempts humor, and the sentiment which underlies most of what he sang can be found in a stanza from *Tree of Generations* (1914) where he says: "One feels how the flame of life from year to year burns one's heart to cinders." The ruthlessness of the West Jutland landscape and the roar of the North Sea have been capsuled in his moods and in his verse.

There are many who consider THOMAS OLESEN LÖKKEN (1877-) one of the most characteristic exponents of the thoughts of the Jutland group; he has, for his special region, chosen Vendsyssel, the northern part of the peninsula, the home of Johannes V. Jensen's fiery Cimbrians, and he knew that country very intimately from the beginning. Eight years old, he wanted to become a writer, but life had other things in store for him: he had to earn his living as a cowherd, a cobbler, a bicycle mechanic, a welder, a book peddler, but every experience meant so much intellectual terrain gained. Being exposed to many kinds of hardship, Olesen Lökken did not begin writing until he was forty-three years old. His first novel, *Farmer Niels Hald* (1920) showed unmistakable talent; later he published *The Wife of Niels Hald* (1922) and *The Home of Niels Hald* (1924). Between the publication of the two latter parts of the Hald cycle appeared *Klavs Bjerg and Bodil* (1923), which had actually been written years before it saw the light of day. Olesen Lökken likes the solid size of novels, for he has two other trilogies to his credit,



Thomes Olesen Lökken

Povl Dam (1925), *Years of Struggle* (1926), and *The Victory* (1927), all describing the life of the Vendsyssel cotters. The third cycle, *The Great Bog* (1929), *The Son of the Bog Girl* (1931), and *From the Land of Wild Bog* (1931), has for its milieu the bleak and desolate regions around the peat bogs near the northern banks of the Limfjord.

Practically everything that Olesen Lökken has written has its origin in the Vendsyssel province, a collection of short stories and one of poems bearing its very name in their titles. In a way, he has made Vendsyssel all his own, has, so to speak, discovered it, and has described phases of life in the hovels and on the bigger farms which others had disdained to touch.

From the west coast of Jutland springs HARRY SÖIBERG (1880-) who was born in Ringköbing. He sailed before the mast as a mess boy, later became a bookbinder and a Socialist agitator, and when he was twenty-four years old sent out his first book, a somewhat disappointing drama, *Sick Generation* (1904). But in *Desolate Regions* (1906) he revealed growth and a remarkable talent for describing nature and life among the dunes of his native North Sea country. In his *People by the Sea* (1906) Söiberg gave vivid pictures of fisher homes and families, but it was with his novel cycle *Land of the Living* (1916-20), that he began to attract the favorable attention of critics and public. Here he described the everlasting struggle between light and darkness, between broad humanitarianism and churchly narrow-mindedness, again with the fisher folk as his subjects. Better than most men, he knew their minds and moods, their fight for life, their courage in defying the storms of the sea and the restless quicksand. His next work, *The Sea King* (1926-30), follows in the main the same direction and employs the same stage. As many other Jutland writers have chosen the farmers, rich and poor, for their heroes, Söiberg remains with his fishermen, and evidently knows them to perfection. He understands what moves them to laughter or tears—and he loves them.



Harry Söiberg

Although he was born in Odense on the island of Fyn, JOHANNES BUCHHOLTZ (1882-) is often considered one of the Jutland writers, because he makes his home in the city of Struer and has a bit of Jutland in much of what he has written. His best known novels are *Egholm's God* (1915), *The Miracles of Clara van Haag* (1916), and *Restless Heart* (1919); his plots are often fantastic, his style glittering and enchanting.

EMIL BÖNNELYCKE (1893-) occasionally has been mentioned as one of the Jutland writers—he was born in Aarhus—but his works, generally, lie outside the scope of this survey. This statement also applies to ANDERS THUBORG (1887-) with the exception that one of his books, *Those from the West* (1929) concerns his fellow-provincials.

In a measure, A. C. ANDERSEN (1874-1929) may be said to have invaded Olesen Lökken's Vendsyssel, and has left behind him notable prose idylls from that part of

Jutland, especially *The Cotter's Daughter* (1906), *Earthbound Youth* (1907), and *Earthbound Men* (1908) in which he tries to bridge the gap between country and city.

Among the more recent Jutland writers is HANS KIRK (1898-) whose novels, *The Fishermen* (1928) and *The Day Laborers* (1936), return the whole Jutland movement to its point of departure, the proletariat of the sea and of the soil.

The *line*, beginning with Blicher, is plainly seen through all its ramifications: all the writers whose work has been briefly sketched here, have added new and very important chapters to Danish literary history. They have raised the plain man to a point where he can be seen and understood, and they have deepened the love of all Danes for their native land, their faith in its opportunities, and their appreciation of artistic skill and acumen.

The Sower

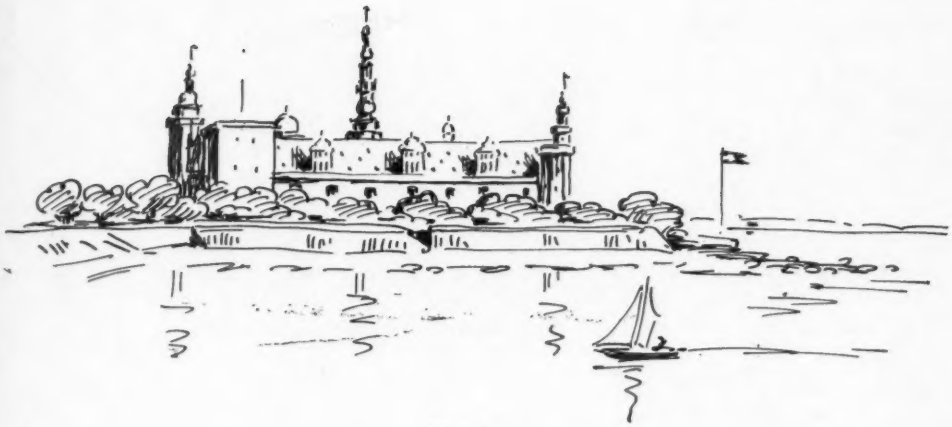
BY JEPPE AAKJÆR

A FARMER with his seedlip full—
there is a solemn sight, I vow!
When heavy ran the teeming hare
and young leaves fringed the forest's brow,
he hitched the seedlip to his loin
and left his barn and hied him then
to where the field in silence waits
with ripened work for ripened men.

His hand is in the yellow seed,
his breast to every wind that blows;
his kindling eye surveys the earth
where "hup!" and "gee!" the harrow goes.
A moment more, and firmly in
his heavy boot will stamp the ground,
while at his feet the scattered grain
is flung in sweeping handfuls round.

And at his loin the wicker creaks;
and, as they pierce the mellow mould,
on kernels yellow, kernels gray,
the sun will heap its store of gold.
And larks will sing, and grass will grow,
and bees begin their flowery dance;
and what Walpurgis-day was sown
shall bloom in full to greet St. Hans.

From *The Jutland Wind and Other Verse from the Danish Peninsula*, done into English by R. P. Keigwin, Basil Blackwell, Oxford, 1944



Kronborg

A Stormy Night

By Hedvig Collin

EVERYONE knows the feeling of "back home." Now, when we are isolated from home, it is nice at least to smile at the days back home. There is really so much to be thankful for—that after all there is something beautiful to remember and to which we can hope to return.

One of the dearest things to me is Kronborg. It was the first thing I feared for when 1940 came. "What are they doing to Kronborg?" was my first thought.

I was at that time a guest at an artist's home on top of Twin Peaks in the Bear Mountains. It was a very mysterious place. The house where I was visiting was a sort of wooden barrack called a summer clubhouse. It was built on four cement blocks, but not fastened. The house was on the very top of the mountain, seven thousand feet up.

On the night I am talking about there was a terrific wind and rain storm. The clouds swept around the windows and doors. The rain washed down in buckets. It entered the windows, the doors, the ceiling, the walls. My hostess was absent, and I was all alone in the house, up there in the clouds. Sometimes there would come a thunderclap. My hostess had told me that usually the only place where the lightning wanted to run down was the chimney of the huge granite fireplace. The cabin shook in the storm, and practically stood up and danced on its four legs, two and two at a time. I tried to stop the water running in, but it was impossible. Little by little, everything got wet.

I went to bed. But believe it or not, the walls in my bedroom were sheets of paper fastened with thumbtacks to the beams. The storm loosened the paper. The wind hammered the roof and tore the sheets loose till the whole room shook and flapped like a full-rigged ship on the ocean.

I was wet and freezing. I went to bed with my fur coat on, and with a shawl around my ears so that I shouldn't hear so much of the noise. There was nothing else to do. But that night on a strange mountaintop in a strange country—I



Thunderstorm on Twin Peaks

shall never forget it. It was the ninth of April, 1940.

Between the thunderclaps and the rushing wind and rain and the shaking of the little wooden shack, I was thinking of them at home. They had no mountains. They did not have such awful storms. They had good strong houses with safe foundations, and a good stove if it was cold. They didn't need to sleep with a fur coat on and stockings, and with a woollen shawl around their heads to keep the devilish noise out, as I did here in California.

I held myself together with knotted arms and legs, and finally went to sleep—for two hours, and only two hours the whole night. I was scared, miserable, wet, and cold.

The next morning I went down to the radio. The announcer's voice came through the crackling of static from the storm. "Denmark has been invaded," it said.

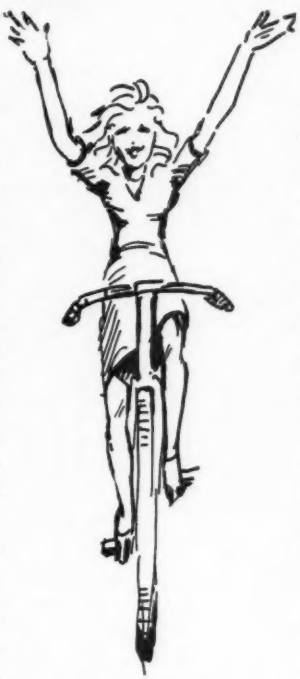
A chill ran through me. I could almost feel my hair turn white. Denmark invaded! The storm rushed around the mountaintop and raged on to the Sierra Nevada mountains in the north, to the wolves and rattlesnakes and mountain lions. I stood there petrified. First of all I thought: "Kronborg! What are they doing to Kronborg?" Then I thought of my family and friends.

I thought of my bicycle. I thought of the beautiful free feeling we had riding an English bicycle. It was a winged feeling—we were like birds when we hummed or "whistled," as we called it, along the paved bicycle paths, down hill and up again, from Öresund out along the King's Highway to Hörsholm.

I remembered one *Skærsommer* night, or if you will Saint John's Night, the longest day and the lightest, shortest night of the year. Oh, it was so mild—not hot

as in California, not cold as in California, but just right, with a soft mild wind from the Gulf Stream, neither too warm nor too cool.

Hey! Like the wind we were down in Rungsted, down hill all the way to Öresund. We could see the island of Hveen in the distance, with its church and windmill and all. Then the Strandvej, like a dance floor. All the bicycles were going in the same direction: to Elsinore, to Kronborg, to the night performance of *Hamlet* in the courtyard of Kronborg.



Almost Flying

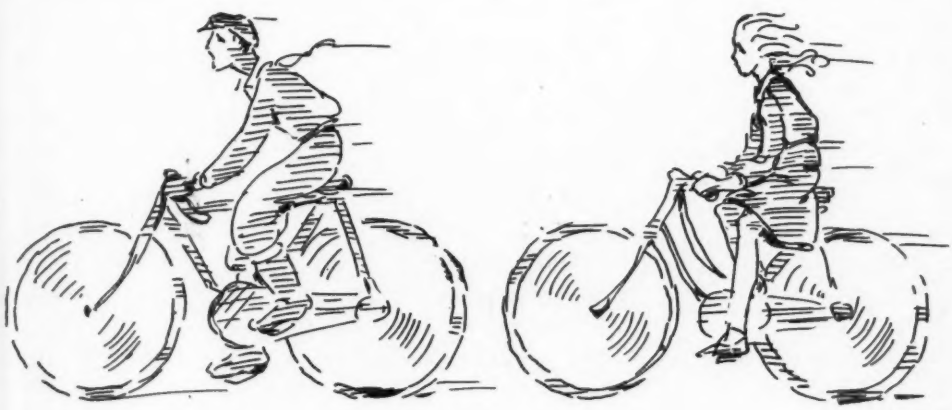
The sun went down over Kattegat. The red light shone, reflected from the windows of the houses over in Sweden. The flag, the Dannebrog, waved on the bastion, and the little green cannons from olden times, the "play guns," shone in the last sunshine. It was these guns that said "Hello!" to ships that passed between Elsinore in Denmark and Helsingborg in Sweden. "Hello!" they said. "Boom! Boom! Nice to see you!" That is really the way a gun should talk, and that was what we knew about guns in Elsinore.

The courtyard of Hamlet's castle was full of people. They were all excited, overwhelmed by the spirit of the place, the spell of the mysterious twilight of art and nature, the beauty of the old castle with its fantastic, elegant towers and light green copper roof. It looked like a dream, a midsummer night's dream.

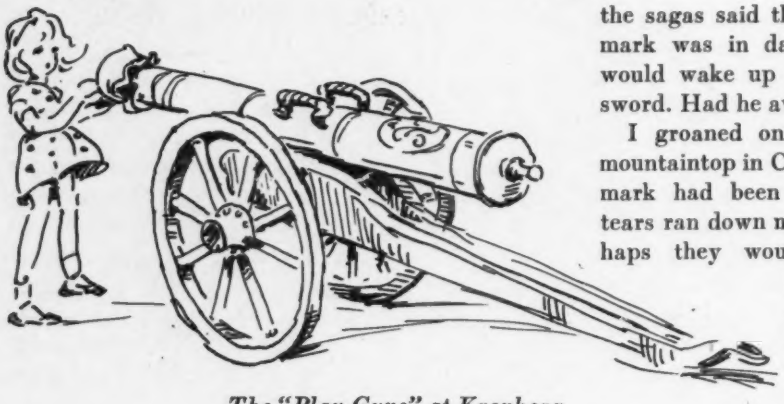
I understood that Shakespeare had found his inspiration there. I hoped for him that he had really been there. If not, he missed something.

It was the English who played *Hamlet* that night. The ghost wandered on the rampart, and the sweet little English Ophelia drowned all right in a nice little stream.

The blue night was lighted up by the dawn over Sweden. Everybody had had a wonderful night. The narrow streets of Elsinore were filled with bicycles, with cars, with horses, with hikers. Yes, hikers, who had come from far away to see *Hamlet*. They went afoot, not because they had



On the Wings of the Wind



The "Play Guns" at Kronborg

to, but because they wanted to walk, to feel the summer night, to hear the nightingales, to see the animals in the early morning, to look at the silky green beech trees and to smell the earth and the grass and the air from the sea and the Öresund.

That gorgeous, tinglingly beautiful midsummer night! No one who has not seen and felt that knows anything about the beauty of summer.

And all the time Holger Danske sat deep down under the castle, in the underground chambers of the stone-walled dungeon, with his great sword and his long beard, still sleeping. But the sagas said that when Denmark was in danger, then he would wake up and swing his sword. Had he awakened?

I groaned on my cold, icy mountaintop in California. Denmark had been invaded. The tears ran down my cheeks. Perhaps they would even take Dannebrog down from Kronborg. If they flew a strange flag there, it would look like a blot of ink on a clean white piece of paper. Could the nightingales look at it and sing?

I thought of Colonel Appeldorn, the friend of King Christian. He was always saying, "Lin, shall we take a Kronborg around?" That meant an evening trip from Havnegade around Kronborg, passing the flag bastion, and out to the boat. We called from the rampart, and Olsen came over and took us home in his boat.



Holger Danske in the Vault Beneath the Castle

I remembered one beautiful day just after the last World War. There were a lot of ships in the Öresund, the Swedish training ship,

a Danish flagship, and so on. The Officers' Club, which at that time had its clubrooms at Kronborg, invited all the officers from the ships, and also the French officers who were just then coming through Denmark from the Russian prison camps, to a big formal ball at Kronborg.

Every window was illuminated. Colonel Quist's apartment was also in the castle, and he held open house.

The cars went in through the old Renaissance porch, over the pavement in the courtyard and across to the western tower with its winding staircase. There officers in dress uniforms and ladies in beautiful evening dresses went up the old winding staircase in a colorful stream. There came Crown Prince Frederik, and there came Colonel Appeldorn and his wife, Alma. There came Commander Hartung and the elegant Swedish officers and the colorful French with red trousers. And there came I. And we danced. The whole night long we were happy as children, and the old castle was fairylike in its beauty and seemed to smile happily.

We went to the platform, the flat tower in the south corner, the same platform where Hamlet went to have his philosophical talks with his friends. We watched the moon in the morning light, and looked down at all the ships and boats, the houses, churches, and windmills, the seagulls. We were all in love—with someone—with nature—it was wonderful.

And the mild summer wind played with the tulle dresses, and afterwards we wrote verses and songs and letters.

Yes, that was the time when the Navy still had leisure to dance, and the guns at Kronborg said, "Boom! Boom! Hello there! Nice to see you! Welcome to Denmark!"

Those beautiful old rococo guns will soon call their welcome again. Thank heaven!—*Holger Danske is awake!*



Summer Night on Öresund

Hedvig Collin is a Danish painter and illustrator, who came to this country with a Fellowship from the American-Scandinavian Foundation. She is now living in California

America Builds



Architect Tengbom (left) and Designer Beckman (right) showing the Crown Prince and Prince Eugen the Exhibition

"America Builds," the photographic exhibition of American Architecture, prepared for the Foundation by the Office of War Information and the Museum of Modern Art, and received in Sweden by the Sweden-America Foundation, opened in the National Gallery in Stockholm on June 14, in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of that Foundation, and in Gothenburg on September 4. It will be shown in other Swedish cities and in Denmark and Norway, when liberated, under the auspices of our sister organizations in those nations. The Exhibition was opened by the Chairman, Mr. J. Sigfrid Edström, President of the Sweden-America Foundation, in the presence of royalty and officials, and with the collaboration of the Swedish Royal Association of Architects.

The exhibition was assembled in New York under the direction of Mrs. Agnes Allen. In the preparation of the beautiful Swedish catalogue of the exhibition, several former Fellows of the Foundation participated. The accent of selection is on contemporary architecture and plans for the future, but the history of our national architecture from Colonial times until today is well represented by photographs and a magnificent library of books. Swedish critics were unanimous in praise, asserting that it is the best exhibition of American architecture ever assembled and contains many suggestions for Sweden. This is significant, in view of the fact that, since the First World War, Sweden has taken the place of France as the imaginative creator of new designs in world architecture.

As Wollmar Filip Boström, Sweden's Minister to the United States, observed, it is a happy augury for American civilization that such an exhibition can be assembled and transported in the midst of war on the sea and in the air.

Among the American architects participating are Raymond J. Ashton, Walter Francis Bogner, Karl E. Jensen, Philip Lippincott Goodwin (architect of the Museum of Modern Art), Wallace Kirkman Harrison, Robert S. Hutchins, Richard Koch, John Crosby Brown Moore, Richard Joseph Neutra, G. E. Kidder Smith, William Wilson Worster, and Frank Lloyd Wright. The President of the Foundation held a reception for the American architects in New York on October 26.

H.G.L.



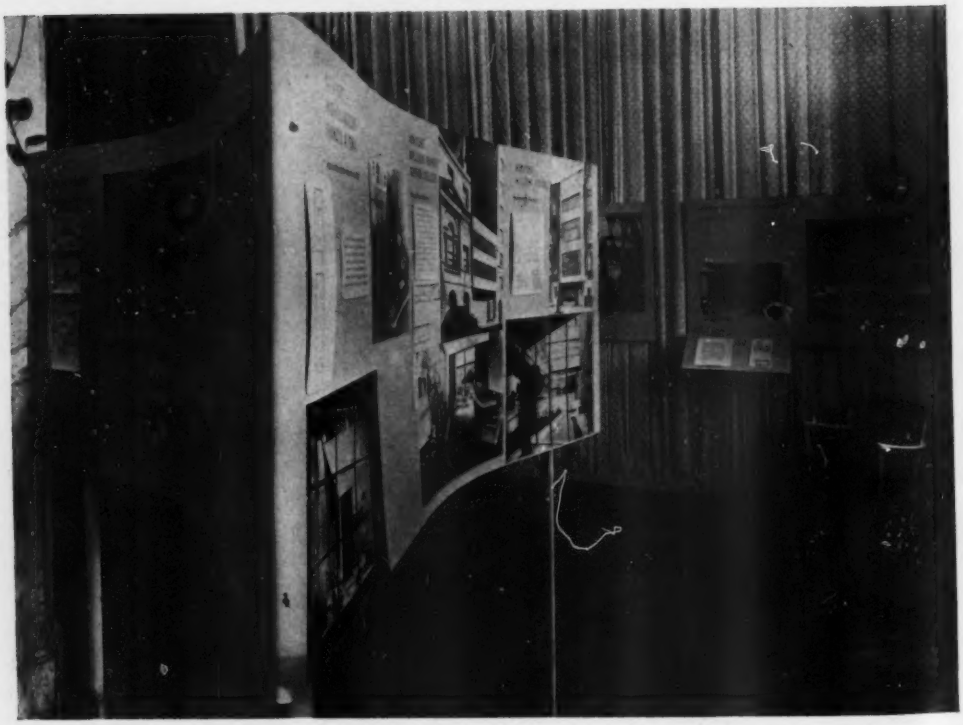
The Crown Princess Receiving a Bouquet of Roses from Mrs. Heilborn, Secretary of the Sweden-America Foundation



The Installation of Federal Housing



A Library of Architectural Works Formed a Part of the Exhibition



Modern Architecture Installation

The Smile

By Thorir Bergsson

Translated from the Icelandic by Axel Eyberg *and* John Watkins

IT WAS in the twilight, late in Advent, a Sunday evening when the days were getting short. Actually it was about the middle of the day, although it had begun to get dark.

I was lying on the sofa making myself as comfortable as possible.

Bjarni sat beside the stove with his pipe in his mouth staring out into the darkness. Flurries of snow had suddenly obscured the light, so that it was almost entirely dark inside. The stove was open and it was burning brightly. The flames cast fantastic reflections around the room.

We had been silent a good while. Bjarni was no great talker, and we were good enough friends to be able, without effort, to sit silent together by the hour, each lost in his own thoughts. We enjoyed it. This time I was not really thinking about anything, but just lying there looking at the reflections from the stove which leaped across the ceiling and sometimes down along the walls and seemed strangely like the northern lights. From that and from the noise of the storm around the house, my mind was carried to the northern part of the country. And before I knew it I was skating there, but not in a storm, no, on a moonlit evening with beautiful northern lights.

Just then the church bells began to ring. They could be heard faintly now and then through the storm, like the ringing of elfin bells in the ears of enchanted people as described in the folk-tales.

Bjarni looked up. "I think I was dozing off," he said. "I woke up when the bells began to ring. It's a wonder they bother in weather like this."

I said nothing. Bjarni got up and went over to the tobacco box in the corner of the room and filled his pipe. Then he lighted it slowly and deliberately and sat down again in the same place as before.

"Are you really asleep?" he said.

"No."

"Well not just, but pretty nearly. It's such a comfortable feeling to sit in the darkness and warmth, especially in weather like this, and keep silent and think."

"There were two points in your speech," said I, "which had to do with you but not with me. You're sitting, I'm lying down; you're thinking, I'm not. And you forgot, too, that to be really comfortable you have to be smoking. But here I lie and haven't the heart to get up."

Bjarni brought me the tobacco and the matches and sat down again.

"Of course you were thinking," he said. "That's just what thinking is. When the mind is allowed to follow its course unhindered, as in a dream, and there is nothing to interfere."

"I wonder if there isn't almost always something to interfere. Just now, for example, I was trying to concoct a quatrain, and then I noticed all at once that the reflection from the stove is something like the northern lights. And so one thing after another came into my mind. It might much better be called non-thinking."

"Very true, but silly nevertheless," said Bjarni yawning. "Still it's amusing to let your mind roam. Sometimes it's impossible, as you know. Something is there so firmly that it's there always. Even one's dreams are about it. You're lucky to be able to let your mind roam."

I smoked and said nothing. I watched Bjarni finish his pipe and lay it on the table. He took his time about it.

"It was the spring before last," he began. "I went to the eastern counties. Up above Goat Ridge I ran into a couple from the East and their daughter. I overtook them on horseback. The lass was so good-looking and so peculiarly attractive that I couldn't bring myself to part with them and kept them company. Attractive, I say, no, I tell you she was downright beautiful! But she was badly dressed and shy. She had that 'something' about her that so many wealthy and well-brought-up and good-looking girls lack. And how she could smile!"

Bjarni was silent for some time. I smiled to myself and smoked. The storm had passed over, but night had fallen. Bjarni filled his pipe again.

"It's really strange," he continued, "how a beautiful smile can stick in your mind. I had never seen the girl before, and the only thing I know about her to this day is that she smiled every time I looked at her on the way across the heath. I dawdled along with them all the way and chatted with the old man and the old woman, for she spoke hardly a word. Not that she was stupid, I could see that from her eyes, peculiarly beautiful eyes, I tell you. I felt rewarded many times over, and never has the journey over Hellisheid seemed so short. Two or three times since I have seen as it were a reflection of this smile in the smiles of other women, and believe me, it has warmed the cockles of my heart!"

Bjarni became silent again. I looked at those strange reflections from the stove. They awakened sundry memories, and I listened to Bjarni through my own thoughts.

"There was nothing in that smile but innocence," he said. "Nothing that offered anything or promised anything. But it shone so deep into the limpid and beautiful soul of the woman. She was shy toward me, it showed in her eyes when she looked at me. But it was I who should have been shy toward her, who should have gone down on my knees before her and asked forgiveness for my sins. On so much higher a plane was her soul than mine. I am thinking how happy is the man to whom she gives her love—though she had nothing else to give. How many times over must he not feel rewarded for all his toil, all the sweat of his brow, when he comes home in the evening after his day's labor and she meets him with one of those smiles. One of those smiles, I said. What nonsense! For what are the smiles she gave me compared to those she gives the one she loves?"

"You have purely and simply fallen in love with her," I said.

"That would be ridiculous, don't you think?" said Bjarni, getting up and pacing the floor. "But I can truthfully say that I remember those smiles better than many kisses. It started to rain during the day, as we were crossing the heath, and I lent her my raincoat. She was so pale and delicate and poorly clad. And then when we said good-bye, she smiled."

"She has obviously been glad to get rid of you!" said I.

Bjarni did not answer. He sat down and stared into the fire. I thought I had offended him and was about to say something when he began again to speak.

"I don't know," he answered. "Maybe so. This autumn I went East again and came to her father's farm. She was not at home. It was beautiful on that farm. There is a rock above the house with a ledge where willows grow. There I know she has often sat and smiled."

Bjarni now put his pipe in his pocket and stood up. "I'm going now before the next flurry comes on. Good-bye."

"Say, Bjarni," I said sitting up. "Why did you tell me this now and not before?"

"I'll tell you why," he said in a low voice. "I met her here on the street a little while ago, when I was on my way to see you. And she recognized me and—" he hesitated.

"And what?" I asked.

"And smiled!"

Kidnapping the "Galtesund"

By Torolv Kandahl

ON ITS WAY to Bergen from Oslo, on its regular route, the S/S *Galtesund* left Flekkefjord at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the 17th of March, 1942. Next port of call was Egersund, four or five hours' voyage from Flekkefjord. As was usually the case, the ship carried a mixed cargo to be unloaded at various ports along Norway's south coast.

As it was a winter's day, and the sea was infested with mines, the *Galtesund* carried only a few passengers. The second mate had them all listed, in accordance with orders issued by the German occupation authorities. At Christiansand, two passengers had come aboard the night before; two at Mandal, early in the morning, and finally two more at Flekkefjord. They were all young men. The mate had had a long talk with one of the two who boarded the ship at Christiansand. They had joined in a glass of beer. The passenger had introduced himself as a journalist by profession, and confided that he intended to write an article about coastal shipping in war time. He had asked intelligent questions about the ship's cargo and speed, about how much fuel she carried, and about the locations of German coastal control stations. Evidently he was no stranger to shipping and navigation. The questions he had asked were natural ones for a man who was to write about coastal communications in war time, and the second mate did not find the passenger's interest suspicious.

When the *Galtesund* hit the open sea—about an hour out of Flekkefjord—two of the passengers came into the smoking lounge and each ordered a bottle of beer. They joked with the waitress, who found them attractive young men, or they whiled the time away talking, smoking, and drinking their beer. Three of the ship's officers were also in the smoking lounge—the captain, the first mate, and one of the pilots. They were drinking the traditional afternoon coffee. The hour was four o'clock.

The first mate and pilot were about to leave to take their turn on the bridge, when the two young men at the corner table also rose. Each drew a revolver and ordered: "Hands up!" The waitress, about to remove the coffee cups, dropped prone to the floor. The captain, a heavy-set, powerful sailing man in his early sixties, asked in angry astonishment if this were a bad joke.

One of the young men did the talking. "It is our purpose to take command of this ship," he said, "and sail it to England, with crew and officers aboard, alive or dead. That is up to you. What is happening here now is also happening on the bridge and in the engine room. Anyone who resists will be shot. He who obeys orders will suffer no harm."

Again the captain protested. He accused the two young men of being pirates and gangsters. He was very angry. "I am responsible to my firm and the shippers for ship and cargo, and for the crew and their families," he said. "The Germans are sure to subject our relatives to terrible reprisals when they learn that the *Galtesund* has run off to England."

His protests were of no avail. The three officers were ordered to seat themselves on chairs. While the one passenger stood watch with a revolver in each hand, the other produced ropes in suitable lengths, which he had carried wound around his middle beneath his jacket. Methodically and carefully he tied first the captain, then the mate and the pilot, each to a chair.

The one young man, who had not uttered a single word during the proceedings, returned to his table and sat down. Laying the revolvers on the table, he lighted a cigaret. The other disappeared. The officers heard him move up to the bridge. A few minutes later they noticed that the *Galtesund* keeled somewhat to starboard. The course had been changed from northwest to south. The *Galtesund* was heading straight out to sea.

At about seven o'clock one morning, a couple of months before this happened, the Gestapo had visited a villa in one of Oslo's suburbs. The house lies high and free, with a marvellous view of the city and fjord. The Gestapo agents declared the owner of the house under arrest, suspected of underground work and traffic with the enemy. Besides his wife and a servant girl, there was also a guest in the house. He was a young man whose identification papers said he was Reidar Stener, a ship's mate by profession. He was told to get dressed and ordered downstairs for interrogation. His residence, he claimed, was a city on the west coast; he was in Oslo looking for a berth. As it had been impossible to find a hotel room, he had stayed a few days with the owner of the house, who was a relative. The Gestapo men accepted his explanation, but declared that he would be put under arrest, so his case might be more thoroughly investigated. His identification papers were taken away from him, but while the house was being searched, a Gestapo man left the papers on a writing desk and forgot them temporarily.

The search proved to be a long affair. Every drawer and closet was given a thorough going-over; all books were removed from the shelves and shaken. The Gestapo agents knocked on walls and floors searching for secret hiding places. Paintings hanging on the wall were turned; photographs were removed from their frames; the rug was rolled up; the beds were investigated. Nothing was overlooked in the brutally systematic search. At nine o'clock, the work was yet far from completed. The owner of the house and Reidar Stener were waiting in the living room. Stener realized that it might mean death both for himself and his friend if he did not get away. At Gestapo headquarters it would be only a matter of minutes to discover that his identification papers were forgeries. With that discovery, their doom would be sealed. Furthermore, Stener expected a call during the day from three comrades who were to receive instructions from certain authorities in England concerning matters the Germans would have given much to learn about. One of the expected visitors owned a secret radio transmitter. Stener knew that the Gestapo might remain in the house, perhaps for days, and that anyone who called there would walk right into trouble, perhaps death. This must be avoided at any cost.

After a few hours Stener asked permission to use the bathroom. Unnoticed, he had managed to retrieve the identification papers which had been left on the writing desk. A Gestapo man went with him out in the hall and waited outside the bathroom. If the Germans had studied the plan of the house more carefully, they would have known that a door led from the bathroom to one of the bedrooms. Their ignorance of this created possibilities for escape.

Had the Germans been smart enough to post guards at the front of the house, they would have caught a big fish in their net that day, but their car and guards were at the back near the entrance. The front was unguarded; their plans did not cover the possibility that any of their prisoners might jump out a window and escape. Stener had been well trained for jumping from great heights—by parachute—and escaped from his second story jump with a few scratches on his hands. A few minutes later he stopped a truck at a road junction. "The Gestapo is after me," he told the truck driver. Via short cuts and back roads they headed for Oslo. There

the truck disappeared in the city traffic. The driver took Stener to his home, and then left to tell Stener's friends about what had happened. All received the warning in time. . . .

Ice conditions in the Skagerrak were abnormal during the first months of 1942. Ice floes from the Baltic Sea, packing the waters between Denmark and Norway, blockaded the south coast for weeks. The agreement had been that Reidar Stener and three of his friends, who had been in Norway on an exceedingly important mission, would be picked up by a U-boat somewhere on the coast between Christiansand and Stavanger, but ice conditions thwarted the arrangement. Besides, Stener had arrived late at the meeting place and had difficulties getting in touch with his friends again. It had been necessary for him to assume a new name and get new identification papers; a make-up expert in Oslo had altered his appearance so it no longer resembled the description of him the Gestapo had publicized in the newspapers.

There was more than one way of getting to England. The main point was to meet and decide on a new plan. Escape via Sweden was inconvenient, because of the greater distance, but this avenue of escape was always open. Stener—his name was Finn Berg now—had long had ambitions to do something really original. On earlier visits to Norway a plan had begun to take shape in his mind. Now, as he whiled away the days in southern Norway, feeling like a vacationing tourist, the plan seemed even more attractive to him.

The motive behind the plan was all anyone could desire. The Allies needed ships, and the thought of kidnapping a ship under the very noses of the enemy appealed to Stener's sporting instinct as well as to his sense of humor. He confided his plan to his friends. They immediately approved. Stener, an experienced sailor, knew navigation. One of his friends was an engineer, which solved that part of the problem. The four friends decided that they needed more help for the venture. Six might suffice. It would be necessary to subdue the crew. Even if they were good Norwegians and friends of the Allies, they might be expected to oppose the kidnapping of ship and cargo as a matter of principle. It was also necessary to anticipate the presence of German guards. These would have to be rendered harmless; but it would have to be done quietly and quickly, without shooting or similar commotion. The final phase was the sailing of the ship to England.

Finding two fellow-conspirators, both seamen, proved no difficulty. Tens of thousands of young Norwegians were anxious to run any risk to escape from Norway and join the fight on the side of the Allies.

A great many German ships carrying ammunition and war materials sailed along the Norwegian coast. To steal one of these would really have been "to hit the jackpot." But they were too large and well armed to be pirated by a few passengers who might succeed in sneaking aboard. After thorough consideration, this plan was turned down. To succeed, it would be necessary to find a Norwegian ship, relatively unarmed, where the co-operation of at least some members of the crew might be counted upon.

The selection was narrowed to one of the Norwegian ships that regularly travelled the route between Oslo and Bergen. They are combined cargo and passenger boats of from 700 to 1000 tons. In summer, they were immensely popular with tourists, but during the winter, and particularly in times of war, floating mines and other dangers had cut the passenger traffic to almost nil. Great care was necessary in the selection of the ship to be kidnapped. She would have to have enough fuel aboard for the trip to England. Flekkefjord was decided on as the port of departure, partly because the city is closer to England than any other point on the Norwegian coast, and partly be-

cause the conspirators learned that, at this section of the coast, the German guard patrols were widely spaced. The *Galtesund* was chosen because they learned in advance that she had sufficient fuel aboard, and because the time element was in their favor. As it would have created unfavorable attention if six passengers had boarded the ship on a Sunday afternoon in the sleepy little town of Flekkefjord, the party divided into three groups. The two who boarded the ship at Christiansand had learned many things of interest and importance. They had learned that the *Galtesund* carried a crew of twenty-seven; they knew the location of officers' and crew's cabins, that there was plenty of fuel aboard, and that there would be no German guards on this trip. The latter information simplified the problem considerably.

What took place in the smoking lounge of the *Galtesund* was repeated on the bridge and in the engine room. In each instance, the revolvers proved the deciding argument. Those of the crew who had free watch were told about the change, of course, only when the pirates had gained full control of the ship. Almost unanimously, and with enthusiasm, they greeted their new command. Shortly after the course had been laid south, a sleet storm reduced visibility to zero. This offered welcome security against possible German curiosity. A few hours later darkness set in. Until daybreak there was little possibility for German intervention. Wind and sea increased later in the evening, the ship took much water, and it was necessary to cut the speed.

About eight o'clock in the evening Stener returned to the officers in the smoking lounge. His talk with them resulted in a gentleman's agreement. On their word of honor not to attempt to regain control of the vessel, they were freed. All were agreed that the main task now was to get safely across the North Sea, and as quickly as possible. When the course was laid northwest, the sailing was smoother. The ship took the wind and waves from one side. She rolled badly, but the motion was less choppy, and the speed could be increased.

There was little change in the weather the following morning. The wind had eased, but the sea was still heavy. Visibility was fair. The clouds hung low. This was both good and bad. It made it difficult for German patrol planes to find the ship, but equally difficult for Allied flyers to spot it. During the forenoon Stener waited anxiously for aid from England. He knew that friends in Norway had sent a wireless message to England asking that a plane meet the ship at a given time and place in the North Sea, but in view of weather conditions, a real stroke of luck would be needed to help anyone locate the ship. Should luck favor the Germans, the chances of ever reaching Scotland would be small indeed. The forenoon passed, and nothing happened. Every hour brought the *Galtesund* closer to Aberdeen. As long as nothing happened, no one had reason to complain, but everyone aboard the ship knew the Germans had long since taken to the air to search for them, and that they would patrol the entire North Sea as long as it was daylight.

At noon the roar of a motor was heard. Shortly a plane appeared through a rift in the clouds, and came directly at the ship in what seemed like a dive bombing attack. The *Galtesund* was swung hard over, across the plane's course. The plane skimmed the mast tops, but dropped no bombs. It was English. Those aboard the ship knew that now they were sure of bringing the old *Galtesund* safely to port.

There was great excitement in Egersund that Sunday evening of March 17, 1942. Nothing much ever happens in a small coastal town in Norway of a winter's day, and when a coastwise steamer fails to appear on schedule, without apparent reason acceptable to a sea-wise people, that in itself is sensational news. Phone calls

and wires went out west and east, but apart from the information that the *Galtesund* had left Flekkefjord at three o'clock, no one seemed to know anything about the ship. At first the German censor clamped down on any news concerning it, but Tuesday afternoon the Nazi authorities sent the newspapers a report to the effect that the *Galtesund* must be considered lost with all aboard. The report hinted that the ship had hit a mine and had gone down before help could be summoned. When this report was released in Norway, the *Galtesund* had been tied up to a pier in Aberdeen for several hours.

A few days later I talked with Reidar Stener in Knightsbridge Grill in London. He was twenty-five years old, well built, powerful, of medium height. He might well be characterized as a typical Norwegian—blond, with a mass of hair that lay in unruly curls and a face of irregular features, but open and kindly. He gave the impression of being a peaceful man. There was absolutely nothing to indicate that he had experienced unbelievable adventures, the *Galtesund* affair being but one of many. His contribution was the product of an abnormal epoch of brutality and tragedy that called out courage and heroic deeds. He was annoyed with the commotion the *Galtesund* affair had created in England. In Aberdeen the entire police force had been called out to keep the public from storming the ship; and Stener himself had been made the object of much flattering attention from dignitaries whom the unassuming and reserved Norwegian had never expected even to see. I asked him what in the world gave him the crazy idea to kidnap a ship with crew and cargo.

"Well," he said, "back of the plan I believe there was a desire to prove to certain old fellows in high places what can be done, if you have a plan and a determination to carry it through."

That was the first and last time I met Reidar Stener. A few months ago he was again in enemy territory on a secret mission. That adventure was his last.

Torolv Kandahl is a Norwegian newspaper man who is at present in charge of the Royal Norwegian Information Service in New York



THE QUARTER'S HISTORY



As the Germans Are Being Driven Back on all fronts, and after the Russian liberation of Kirkenes in Norway, Denmark remains the only country in Europe which is still entirely in the clutches of the enemy. All over the Continent the beaten Germans are leaving their trails of blood, fire, and murder. And Denmark is no exception. Germany's plans for Denmark are clear. The Germans want to wreak their vengeance for never having been able to force the Danish people to become inmates of Hitler's model protectorate.

With this knowledge and with these prospects in mind, the Danish people, the Hansens, Petersens, Olsens, and Sörensens—the ordinary men and women—are continuing their fight against the common enemy. Railroads, bridges, factories, trains, electric plants are being methodically sabotaged by Danish patriots in order to hinder and delay the German war effort and the transit of troops and materials through Denmark. The German answer has been an ever growing wave of terror.

Two Danish Patriots, on August 7, liquidated a notorious Gestapo informer, a Danish police officer who, having been dismissed from the force for black market activities, had turned *stikker* (informer). Two days later the Germans retaliated by torturing and slaughtering eleven young Danes in the cellars of Gestapo headquarters in the Shell Building in Copenhagen. The victims were chosen at random among the prisoners in the German wing of West Prison and were all young people in the ages from twenty-two to thirty-three, none of whom could possibly have had anything to do with the liquidation of the informer, as they all were in German custody before August 7.

The Germans tried their best to keep the massacre a secret, but in vain. By August 15 the news had seeped out, and the Danish Freedom Council proclaimed a general strike of protest against the new outrage. Most factories, offices, department stores, all government offices—with the exception of the Foreign office, which had been led to issue a denial of the blood bath—all municipal offices, the newspapers, and the theaters closed their doors. The strike spread rapidly from Copenhagen to the rest of the country, to Aarhus, Frederikshavn, Thisted, Hobro, Skive, Hjörring, Aalborg, Nakskov, and Odense. The Germans, who realized that only the proclamation from the Freedom Council could limit the strike to the stipulated twenty-four-hour period, did not interfere with the distribution of the handbills.

The New German Line of growing terror is said to be the result of direct orders from Hitler to the German Minister in Denmark. Shortly after the People's Strike in July, Hitler sent for Werner Best and ordered him to answer the liquidation of Gestapo informers with the murder of patriots, to answer sabotage with anti-sabotage—the so-called "Schalburgtage." Hitler severely reproached Best for not having followed his orders in his handling of the Danish situation, and after the abortive attempt on Hitler's life on July 20, the Führer's orders to Best were further strengthened.

With the advent of the anniversary of Denmark's open rebellion against the Germans—August 29, 1943, when the Danish Navy was scuttled, the King declared himself a German prisoner of war, and the Danish Government retired—the Schalburg Corps approached Best and offered to create such conditions that the

Germans would get an excuse to take over all the remaining civil power in Denmark. In Copenhagen sixteen persons, including twelve members of the Schalburg Corps and four members of the Gestapo, were arrested by the Danish police for distributing bogus handbills inciting to rebellion and alleged to have been signed by the Danish Communist Party. The handbills were obviously written originally in German and later translated into poor Danish. As a counter measure the D. F. C. issued a proclamation asking the people to refrain from all actions that could give the Germans an excuse to use their weapons. "The past year has been victorious for the Danish people and we are now recognized as equal members of the Allied fighting forces. We have caused the Germans severe defeats and this has been possible due to the suddenness and the surprise element in our attacks. The resistance forces have decided when and where they would attack; we have never left the initiative to the enemy. We want to go on in this manner."

And the D. F. C. continued its proclamation: "We do not shirk the fight, but we want to set the time and the place. Our power must be kept intact for the decisive battles which are to come. We therefore request that the people, who have valiantly carried the burden of the war, refrain from giving the Germans an opportunity for armed interference on the anniversary. Calmly and with dignity, we will remember our fallen comrades in two minutes of silence at the stroke of noon. Silently we will confirm our will to meet the German atrocities with undiminished resistance, no matter what happens, until victory has been won and our country is again free and independent."

The Danes did not react to the German provocations, but followed the instructions of the D. F. C. At noon on August 29 all traffic stopped, and people paid homage to their compatriots who had been wantonly murdered by the Germans during the occupation.

Quiet Before the Storm descended over Denmark by the end of August and the beginning of September. The air was thick with rumors of an impending invasion by the Allies, and Danes and Germans, each in their way, prepared themselves to meet any emergency. Many people left town and moved to relatives in the country or in the suburbs. German troops were busy consolidating the defenses along the coasts, and the German authorities in vain demanded 10,000 workers for the construction of two defense zones across the southern part of Jutland. The German Minister, Werner Best, was reported moving his offices to Aabenraa, while the Gestapo were moving from Copenhagen to Prästö where they had confiscated the hotel. On September 11 the London *Times* reported that the Germans had withdrawn 60,000 troops from Denmark to the western front. In Copenhagen German officers and officials were ordered to be ready to evacuate the city at a moment's notice. Jointly with these preparations, the Germans began an intensive man hunt, arresting hundreds of people as hostages, among them many Danish officers of the dissolved Army and Navy. Seven hundred Danes who had been interned in the camp at Horseröd near Hilleröd, in the northern part of Zealand, were suddenly transferred to a new concentration camp at Fröslev a few miles north of the German border in Jutland.

King Christian and Queen Alexandrine moved from Sorgenfri to the royal palace of Amalienborg in Copenhagen on September 6. Great events were expected in Denmark. The Allied advance promised that liberation was approaching, but might mean also that the people and the country were facing new and grave dangers. The change of residence naturally did not indicate a change in the King's view of the situation; he was and is a prisoner of the Germans. In his captivity,

however, King Christian has remained the leading figure in Denmark, and he wanted to be with his people in his capital and to share their fate.

THE INVASION RUMORS may well have been part of the Allied war of nerves against the jittery Germans, who know that their days as master race in Europe are coming to a catastrophic end. The Allied invasion in Holland caused the German authorities in Denmark to explode in a renewed reign of terror hitherto unsurpassed in the former "model protectorate."

At high noon Tuesday, September 19, Police General Günther Pancke decreed a stage of siege for the whole country, dissolved the Danish police, and took over full authority for the maintenance of peace and order. All resistance to this order would be punished severely, he proclaimed. At the same time a false air raid alarm was sounded, and German troops (probably from the SS) occupied all public buildings, including the Rigsdag building, the Government offices, and the police stations where, after heavy fighting, they disarmed and arrested the Danish police officers.

Meanwhile a detachment of German marines converged on Amalienborg palace in an attempt to kidnap the King and the royal family and take them to Germany as was done with King Leopold of Belgium. A guard of picked Danish police officers, who had taken over the duty of the Royal Guard when it was dissolved by the Germans more than a year ago, fought valiantly for several hours until they ran out of ammunition. The shooting was heard all over town. Seven Germans were killed and many others wounded. The Danes also suffered a number of casualties. After several hours of fighting, the palace was occupied by the Germans. Their kidnapping scheme, however, had failed.

THE DANISH FREEDOM COUNCIL issued a communique to the people stating the facts in connection with the German attacks. From Skagen to Gjedser people went on strike, and on the main railroad line in Jutland the trains were left stranded.

The Freedom Council stated that the time for open fighting had not yet come and asked the people not to play into the hands of the Germans by acting too soon. "We must await the signal for open revolt. It will come, but we must have patience."

The German move was in the main directed against the Danish police. Police General Pancke, who now has taken over all power in Denmark, in a proclamation accused the Danish police of willfully having tolerated murder, sabotage, and other crimes. The truth is that the Danish police shortly after August 29, 1943, declared that they would not in any way assist in the arrest of persons whom they might have to hand over to the German authorities. Meanwhile the Germans have consistently prevented the Danish police from investigating the murders and crimes committed by the Schalburg Corps and by German Nazis acting under orders from the Gestapo.

It is not unlikely that the experience from the liberation of Paris, where the patriotic French police played a very important part, caused the Germans to strike at the Danish police. In short order more than 2,250 Danish policemen were deported to concentration camps in Germany and some hundreds more are interned in Denmark awaiting deportation. The Freedom Council and the Danish Police Association have warned all police officers who have gone underground not to put faith in any German promises of amnesty if they return to their jobs. It is reported that more than six thousand Danish police have succeeded in hiding from the Gestapo, which is carrying on an intensive man hunt, while several hundred more Danes have been deported to Germany from the concentration camp at Frösley.

A Wave of Lawlessness engulfed the country with the disappearance of the Danish police. Nazis and ordinary thieves thought they would have a field day. But the Danish people set to work and have been able to keep order. The German police, the Gestapo, and the Schalburg Corps have shown that they are unable to handle the task that formerly was handled by the Danish police. The Germans have therefore admitted their defeat by asking what is left of the Danish civil administration to reorganize the force. This request has been refused. The department chiefs in the Danish administration have remained in their positions in order to avoid a complete breakdown of all civilian life in Denmark, but the liaison between the different branches—the weekly meetings of the department chiefs—is a thing of the past, and the leaders of the five political parties who created the coalition under the occupation have, in unison with high Danish officials, representatives of commerce and industry, and the University of Copenhagen, sent the German authorities a written protest against the dissolution of the police force.

During the very hectic negotiations between the German and the Danish authorities, Police General Pancke publicly declared that the Germans if necessary would take thousands of hostages who would be shot—and he added that the department chiefs would make no exception. It is the German plan to try to provoke the Danish resistance movement to premature action by means of terror, mass-killings of innocent people, and arson. Pancke declared further that the Gestapo intends to burn down whole districts of the Capital while the Germans withdraw to the part of the city between the lake of St. George and the Municipal Square which has been transformed into a veritable fortress. From there, and from the sea forts lining the harbor, the Germans will keep the Capital under artillery fire, while gas, electricity, and water will be cut off. Such is the official German pronouncement.

The Bombing of Gestapo Headquarters by Mosquitos of the British Royal Air Force on October 31 roused intense joy and hopefulness in Denmark. Thousands of documents and lists of names of patriots had been collected, most likely for safekeeping, in two of the buildings of the University at Aarhus, Jutland. These documents, which formed the basis for the persecution of patriots, have now been destroyed with the buildings.

The bombing has been called "one of the neatest single-target operations" recently made. The bombing crews had studied a model of the buildings before they set out and hit the mark exactly. The pilots, who flew very low, could see their bombs fall first in the middle of one building and then on the other. They also saw Danes in the streets and in the fields waving and making V signs to them.

King Christian's Birthday was celebrated quietly. The people gave renewed expression to their devotion toward the man who never gave up the fight and who by his example has been the guiding spirit of the resistance.

Crown Prince Frederik and Crown Princess Ingrid with their two daughters, Margrethe and Benedicte, and Prince Knud with his daughter, Elisabeth, spent the day with the King and Queen, while Copenhagen and all of Denmark had hoisted flags. Great masses of flowers were delivered to the castle besides more than two thousand telegrams and ten thousand congratulatory letters.

The Church in Denmark as in Norway has been a leading power in resistance. On King Christian's birthday a pastoral letter written by the primate of the Danish Church, Bishop Fuglsang-Damgaard, was read in all churches throughout the land. "On September 26 we cele-

brate the seventy-fourth anniversary of our King, who has lived through hard and difficult times with his people. Let us at the divine service on Sunday pray with special fervor for our King and his house. And let us thank God for having brought our beloved King safely through these for our country so difficult years.

"Fateful days are behind us. God's peace to our dead and God's peace to those who suffer and mourn! Our love and prayers follow our countrymen who are in exile and captivity.

"God speaks of lawlessness as a curse, a destruction of God's own order, and He speaks of His judgment on those who cause the destruction. Let us cry to God that He will put an end to this frightful curse of lawlessness and carry the right to victory. Let us never tire in our fight for truth and right."

The Germans have not dared to declare open war on the Church in Denmark, but several ministers of the Gospel have been arrested. Pastor Severinsen of Finnerup parish was condemned to death by a German court, but was later pardoned and deported to Germany. Six Danish churchmen are imprisoned; six are being hunted, and four have fled to Sweden. On October 20 Police General Pancke announced that Pastor Harald Sandbæk, born January 4, 1904, at Nörre Nissum, had been arrested, accused of murder and sabotage, that he had confessed, and that he would be executed. The Swedish paper *Stockholms Tidningen* writes in this connection that the German announcement indicates a more rigorous German attitude against the Church in Denmark. The resistance will increase greatly with the growing German brutality. The Danish Church is so strong and her servants so highly respected that violence against the clergy will cause added bitterness. Should Pastor Sandbæk be executed, the world will recoil with the same abhorrence as when Kaj Munk was murdered.



ICELAND

THE PRESIDENT OF ICELAND, the Honorable Sveinn Björnsson, arrived in Washington together with Foreign Minister Vilhjalmur Thor and retinue, on August 24, at the invitation of President Roosevelt. They were cordially received at the White House and a dinner was tendered in their honor by the President.

This visit was purely a friendly gesture on the part of President Roosevelt to Iceland, the newest Republic in the world, and no important matters were discussed. At a press conference given by the President and Foreign Minister of Iceland the journalists obviously thought that the question of future bases in Iceland for American troops had been discussed. The Foreign Minister declared that such was not the case. The question had not been raised, and as the Treaty between the United States and Iceland of July 7, 1941, made it clear that American troops would leave Iceland as soon as the war was over, that question was decided. "We reestablished the Republic, not to decrease our independence, but to increase it. We intend to own all our country and without sharing it with any foreign power," said Mr. Vilhjalmur Thor.

Several American papers praised these words as the correct expression of a world in which the Hitler menace had been eliminated, and the *New York Times* finished its leading article on the visit of President Björnsson by repeating them, adding, "This is the way Republicans should speak. Our respect for our honored and honorable guests has been increased by these words."

During the stay in Washington the party visited Mount Vernon and the Arlington War Memorial on which President Björnsson laid a floral tribute. On August 27 the President arrived in New York and was received by Mayor LaGuardia

and hundreds of Icelanders who had congregated there. Among them were several from the Middle West and Winnipeg who had travelled for two days to meet him.

A Dinner Was Tendered the President the same evening by Consul General and Mrs. Helgi P. Briem at which representatives of the Icelandic societies and communities of the United States and Canada had occasion to meet the President and express their best wishes for him and for the reestablished Republic. At the dinner Mr. Vilhjalmur Thor proposed the toast to the President and people of the United States with a speech in which he said: "If the world would put into practice the great ideals for which this nation is fighting with its Allies, and which have been championed so vigorously by President Roosevelt, we would not have to fear a repetition of the horrible calamity under which the world has been suffering the last five years."

The President was given a civic reception at Town Hall where Mayor LaGuardia surprised everybody by finishing his speech in Icelandic. President Björnsson in his thanks remarked that if the Icelandic colonists had not returned to Iceland from Massachusetts about nine centuries ago, he might have given all his speech in Icelandic.

As the President stayed only three days in Washington and two in New York, his program was very full. He took time, however, to speak by radio to the Scandinavian nations. In this address the President mentioned the gratitude of Icelanders to the United States for the military protection given Iceland. "But even though we have been without connections with the other Scandinavian countries, our feelings for them have not altered, for they are based on a common culture and origin, and identical ideals of political freedom and democracy." Later in his address he said: "Icelanders wait with impatience to get occasion to renew the old friendship with Denmark and the Danish people. The reestablishment of the Republic in Iceland is definitely an internal and constitutional matter. Our admiration for the King of Denmark and the Danish nation has in no way diminished in the past years."

This visit of the President was scheduled to last only a week because he had to open the Althing on September 2, and he arrived in Reykjavik in the morning of that day.

The Summer in Iceland was very fine and July was probably the warmest July in this century. The hay crop has been unusually good all over the country as well as the potato and vegetable crop. The herring season has also been very good and the herring landed is probably the biggest haul in the history of Iceland, though figures are not available.

The Greatest Problem facing Iceland is the inflation which has been held in check for two years by the Thordarson Cabinet, but seems now to be threatening again, owing to a flaring up of strikes for higher wages. The Government proposed a plan for keeping down the cost of living, which the Althing did not adopt. Dr. Thordarson therefore, on September 15, handed in his resignation. It was accepted by the President, who, however, asked him to function until a new cabinet could be formed. No party has a majority.

A Coalition Government has therefore been formed headed by the Honorable Olafur Thors, who in addition to being Prime Minister will have the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. The new Prime Minister belongs to the Independence (Conservative) Party, as does also the Minister of Finance, the Honorable Petur Magnusson. Mr. Aki Jakobsson, Minister of Fisheries, and Mr. Brynjolfur Bjarnason, Minister of Education, are Communists. Mr. Emil Jonsson, Minister of Communications and Industry, and Mr. Finnur Jonsson, Minister of Justice, are Social-Democrats.



THE LIBERATION OF NORWAY from Nazi tyranny began its inevitable forward movement during the last days of October. It was then that the long-awaited first invasion of northern Norway by forces of the Russian far northern army began by crossing the border and occupying the Norwegian arctic port of Kirkenes.

The Red Army had previously captured the former Finnish arctic port of Petsamo, which thereupon was used as a base for the invasion of Norway. The operation had been well planned a considerable time in advance, and it proceeded "according to schedule." The Norwegian underground and Norwegian patriots everywhere hailed the invasion with joy and thanksgiving.

In preparation for the invasion the Russian air forces had given the German defense installations along both sides of the Varangerfjord a terrific pounding, resulting in hundreds of German casualties in dead and wounded. The air offensive caused the destruction of the greater part of the towns of Kirkenes, Vardö, Vadsö, and Berlevaag. The buildings in these towns were for the most part of wooden construction and were soon set on fire by the heavy bombings from the air. Kirkenes had a population of about 3,000. Most of these people were evacuated to places of safety in the interior. The town was strongly fortified by the Germans. It has served as a German air and submarine base against Allied convoys bound to and from Murmansk.

From the German occupying authorities came a report that the Russian offensive forces consisted of eighteen divisions. A Russian Army division numbers between 12,000 and 15,000 men. This force, in its first push toward Norway, crossed the Pasvik River bordering Finland on its way to Kirkenes. The German enemy reported further that sixteen Russian airbombers had been shot down on Norway's Finmark front.

At the beginning of the Russian offensive only 400 civilians remained in Kirkenes, about 200 in Vadsö, and none in Vardö. The Germans had commandeered all means of transportation so that the civilian evacuees were forced to flee to places of safety on foot in the bitter cold of the arctic winter, which had set in during the beginning of October.

A group of 150 men, women, and children had to drag their way through snow and cold to the village of Bossekop in Alta where they arrived more dead than alive from cold and hunger. All buildings in Finmark, Norway's most northeasterly province, were filled to the limit by German military and civilian people seeking protection from the cold.

In expectation of the Russian offensive, the Germans began early in the month to destroy some of their defense installations. In this work the Russian air bombardments gave them plenty of assistance.

THE RUSSIAN INVASION of northern Norway has the complete co-operation of the Norwegian Government in Exile in London. The operation is proceeding in accordance with a diplomatic agreement concluded between the Norwegian and the Soviet Governments last May 16.

Similar agreements were concluded with the American and the British Governments in the event the fighting forces of these nations arrive in Norway. There have been hints from London and Washington of late that an Allied force may soon embark upon an invasion of southern Norway, possibly also of Denmark, but if so the plans are of course a strict military secret. It is so far pure guesswork.

In a broadcast from London on October 26, King Haakon urged the people of Norway to receive the invading Russian forces as liberators and brothers in arms. He announced that Norwegian fighting forces will soon be battling side by side

with the Red Army. Norwegian combat forces, he said, will be coming to the far North to join their countrymen and the Russians in the fight for Norway's liberation. There has been during the last four years a well equipped Norwegian Army in training in Scotland. This Army has been considerably strengthened by the regular arrival of young men who have risked their lives to escape from Norway in fishing boats and other small craft in order to join their country's fighting forces in Great Britain.

In addition to the Army, the Norwegian Government in Exile maintains a small but powerful Navy serving with the British and other Allied fleets, and several air squadrons flying with the Royal Air Force in the European theaters of war. Whether all of these forces would take part in an invasion expedition to Norway, King Haakon, for military reasons, refrained from making known. In any event reports from London indicated that all the Norwegian combat forces are eager to get into the long-awaited liberation fight in Norway to avenge the German invasion of 1940.

On November 14 the Norwegian Government in Exile announced that a vanguard force of fewer than 500 men, commanded by Colonel Arne Dahl, had landed somewhere in the far North and had joined the fighting Russian forces.

The Russian high command in Norway announced that the plan is to push southward from Finmark in an attempt to drive all Germans out of Norway, including thousands of Nazi troops who sought refuge there after being driven out of northern Finland under the terms of the armistice agreement terminating Finland's war with the Soviet Union.

When the Russian infantry forces reached the shore of the Varangerfjord, they found that the Germans had confiscated and removed all ships and other craft. A number of Norwegian fishermen, who had hidden their sturdy motorboats, came to the rescue.

"We are friends," they shouted, "we will ferry you across the fjord." After many trips forth and back a considerable force of infantry was transported safely to the other shore. The remainder of the force waited until the arrival of large troop transports from Petsamo.

On the other side of the fjord the Russian troops were received by the Norwegian patriots with undisguised manifestations of friendship. For the protection of the invaders the civilian patriots showed them the secret entrance to a large underground shelter in the rock to be used in case of German sniping or a sudden air bombardment.

Obviously King Haakon's broadcast message had had its desired effect. The King told the people that the Russians were also victims of German aggression, and that Russia's contribution to the final victory was praiseworthy in the highest degree. "We have numerous proofs of the friendship and sympathy felt by the Government and people of Soviet Russia," said the King. "It is therefore the duty of every Norwegian to give our Soviet Russian ally the greatest possible support."

The Norwegian agreement with Russia guarantees that Norwegian civil affairs shall be administered by Norwegian authorities when military conditions permit. This corresponds with the agreement made by General Eisenhower, the American Allied commander-in-chief, with General Charles de Gaulle for the liberated regions of France.

Continuing News Developments in the battle for Norway's liberation may be looked for during the coming months. Already on October 28 the German-controlled Scandinavian Telegraph Bureau at Stockholm announced that reports of Allied landing operations along the Norwegian coast now were so numerous that it was "impossible to deny them all." The announcement added that blackout meas-

ures in Norway had been tightened all over the country.

As a result of the successful Russian invasion of Finmark, the Norwegian Government in Exile has concluded that the liberation of the adjoining Troms Province is imminent. Therefore it is believed that these two far northern provinces soon will be ready for Norwegian civilian administration.

In anticipation of this forward movement for freedom and democracy, the Norwegian Government in London has sent a request to the Swedish Government to release 10,000 young Norwegians for special police duty in Norway's liberated regions. All of these young men have at various times during the last three or four years escaped across the border into Sweden. In Sweden they were interned, though well treated, and under the terms of an agreement between the two governments, they have been trained by both Norwegian and Swedish army officers to perform duties as a special police force during the transition period in Norway. Under the terms of the agreement this police force was to be permitted to return to Norway upon the country's liberation.

With the Russian invasion of Finmark Province and occupation of Kirkenes, the Norwegian Government in Exile now considers that the time has arrived to put the agreement into effect. A question has arisen, however, as to whether the agreement means the whole of Norway or parts of the country as the liberation progresses.

In the latter days of October a broadcast by the German radio admitted in effect that the Russians had penetrated Finmark Province and that therefore that part of Hitler's Atlantic flank need no longer be garrisoned. To this the broadcast added in effect that the withdrawal of German troops from Norway had already begun.

Another note of optimism was a communique issued by the British Admiralty announcing that two Royal Navy cruisers had called at Svalbard (formerly known as Spitzbergen) with supplies for a Norwegian garrison marooned by the Germans. Svalbard was awarded to Norway under the terms of peace following the First World War.

Normally the population of the two northernmost provinces, Troms and Finmark, numbers jointly about 150,000. Apart from the towns of Kirkenes, Vadsö, Vardö, Hammerfest (the world's northernmost town) and Tromsö, the people live for the most part in the sheltered fjord regions. They are engaged mainly in fishing along the coast and to some extent in whaling and the arctic fur trade.

After the Germans are expelled, according to the Norwegian Government in London, the people will need the services of the police trained in Sweden, especially to ferret out Quislings and other traitors and guard them for eventual trial for their war crimes.

THE VISIT TO SWEDEN of Terje Vold, Minister of Justice in the Norwegian Government in Exile in London, is connected with this special police. The Minister reviewed the Norwegian police forces, and the question of when and to what extent the force would be allowed to leave for Norway was discussed with the Swedish authorities. The Norwegian Foreign Minister, Trygve Lie, also participated in the discussion of this and other matters involving the relations of the two countries. Accompanying the two cabinet members was Dr. Karl Evang, Norwegian Director General of Public Health.

THE NORWEGIAN GOVERNMENT in London announced early in November that the German enemy in Norway have been making elaborate defense preparations along the northern Norwegian coast in anticipation of Allied air attacks and the possibility of an invasion from the west in support of the Russian invasion. A spokesman in London for the Norwegian Government said that the underground forces in Norway are constantly keeping

the Government informed about everything the Germans are up to by means of an elaborate "grapevine" system of communication.

Hence it is known that Narvik has been turned into a fortress and that Bodö and Tromsö are bristling with defenses designed to challenge a possible invasion at some point in that region along the North Atlantic coast. These new defense works, the spokesman said, have been built by the forced labor of thousands of Norwegian, Polish, Russian, and French prisoners. The defense works include a series of anti-tank ditches.

THE GERMAN BATTLESHIP *Tirpitz* was finally destroyed on November 12 by six-ton bombs dropped from Royal Air Force Lancasters as it lay in the harbor of Tromsö. Utilizing the short arctic day at this time of year, the attacking force made several direct hits with the result that the great ship capsized and lay with 700 feet of its keel out of water. Many of the men on board must have gone down with it. The *Tirpitz* was the last great battleship of the German Navy. It has been a constant menace to Allied shipping, and has been the object of no fewer than eight attacks including the final one.

The *Tirpitz* had long been at anchor in the Altenfjord, where repairs had been completed after its last previous severe damage from air bombings, and had secretly proceeded to Tromsö, about 350 miles farther south. Here Norwegian underground forces had discovered it and reported its presence to London. The latest air attack followed shortly afterward.

THE ROYAL NORWEGIAN INFORMATION SERVICE made public recently in Washington an article by the Russian journalist, Ilya Ehrenburg, in *Göteborgs Handelstidning,* in which Ehrenburg asserts that fourteen Norwegians were put to death among thousands of other victims in the German "murder factories" in Maidenek near Lublin, Poland.

The victims were stripped and forced into hot "bath chambers" saturated with poison gas, and burned to death by intolerable heat and poisoned air. The victims' clothes were shipped to Germany. Ehrenburg wrote that he had obtained possession of a list of prisoner victims among whom he found the names of fourteen Norwegians. All the victims of this almost unbelievable German brutality bore prison numbers. Their names and prison numbers are as follows:

3367. Fridtjof Petersen. 6464. Arne Johanssen (Arbeitskommando DAW, Lindenstrasse). 6581. Christian Sjövall. 6568. Ernst Nilsmo. 6482. Johannes Brattli. 6469. Arne Brattli. 6549. Torleif Olsen. 6458. Arnold Jensen. 6509. Trygve Groden. 6454. Gautjar Jensen. 6474. Arne Bentsen-Frank. 6529. Alf Knudsen. 6484. Herbert Ellingsen. 6460. Ole Mogstad. "Can this ever be forgiven?" Ehrenburg asks. "No! Condemn the executioners from Lublin!"

HISTORIC BERGEN, NORWAY'S SECOND city in population, has had its full share of killed, wounded, and property destruction during the German enemy occupation of the country. The population has suffered from repeated explosions in the harbor, destructive fires, and air bombardments, leaving in their wake widespread death and destruction. When the Allied forces did the bombing, the patriotic population welcomed it as a means of eventually ridding the country of its hated enemy.

Such an air bombardment took place over the city on the morning of October 4. A squadron of 150 4-motored bomber plahes, piloted by British and Norwegian flyers, attacked with terrific results the German submarine installations in the harbor. An eye witness reported that one floating dock with U-boats was sunk and one floating dock with U-boats seriously damaged. The target was the German U-boat base. In addition several workshops and the huge U-boat halls of con-

crete construction were destroyed and much other damage done. One large and a smaller ship in German service were sunk and a third ship loaded with airplanes and war material greatly damaged.

A total of 192 persons were killed in the bombardment, among them 44 school children when bombs struck the Holen public school located only 200 meters from the U-boat harbor. The victims of the school tragedy were pupils in two boys' classes and their respective teachers, Henry Enerstvik and Alf Hovde. In the suburb of Laksevaag many houses were destroyed and some of the bomb-craters were so large that improvised bridges had to be constructed to get across.

THE USUAL MASS ARRESTS of men and women suspected of having knowledge of or being implicated in the widespread acts of sabotage rampant throughout the country continued under Gestapo orders during September. From underground reports received in London it appears that the most important cases of sabotage occurring during the last quarter were the damage done to the oil and gasoline storage tanks of the Germans in several parts of the country, though chiefly along the Oslo Fjord. A storage tank filled with diesel oil and one with gasoline near Drammen were set on fire. Oil tanks near Skien and several tanks along the Bergen railway were destroyed.

In a tank near Gjeilo on the line of the Bergen railway the patriots poured in large quantities of sugar, thus destroying the value of the gasoline. This method was adopted in order to avoid the necessity of setting the tank on fire, because the saboteurs feared an explosion and fire would do enormous damage to surrounding Norwegian property. Thus they prevented a possible catastrophe. Storage tanks in sparsely populated regions have been set on fire and exploded.

Among the more outstanding persons arrested recently are Werner Erichsen of the editorial department of *Morgenbladet*, Oslo; Miss Tandberg, assistant editor of *Allers Familiejournal*, Oslo. The publication of the latter was ordered suspended. No reason was made public. Others arrested were Chr. Bjelland, business manager; Dr. Ragnvald Maartman Moe, medical director of the Oslo hospital for rheumatic diseases; and Manager Wankel of the Kambo Works, Kambo near Moss.

THE MURDEROUS ACTIVITY of the Germans continued with its usual regularity during the last quarter. On the pretense that Gestapo agents had unearthed hidden firearms in the city and adjacent districts, five prominent citizens of Hönefoss, Ringerike, were put up against a wall and shot on September 19. Hönefoss and the nearby rural regions were placed under an emergency order and a large number of workmen were arrested. During a house to house investigation by Gestapo agents and German police, women and children were kicked and hit with rifle handles. A child walking in the yard back of its home was shot and killed.

On the day the five victims were executed a number of German air-bombers cruised over the city and 1,000 German police and troops from nearby military camps patrolled the streets and highways leading into town. The names of only three of the five murdered victims were made public, namely Kaare Filseth, editor of *Ringerikes Blad*, Manager Pedersen of the Ringerike Construction Company, and Manager Carl Sætre of the Hönefoss Brewery.

GENERAL EISENHOWER not long ago warned all Norwegian fishermen and all shipping traffic along the far-flung Norwegian coast to keep out of those waters for the time being in order to avoid being sunk. The German enemy, he warned, is sailing the coastal waters under the Norwegian flag for the purpose of escaping air bombardment by the Allies.



SWEDEN WENT TO THE POLLS on September 17 to vote for members of the Second Chamber of the Riksdag. A total of 3,019,336 votes were cast, representing 70.1 percent of the entire electorate. The Social-Democrats, whose leader is Prime Minister Per Albin Hansson, lost 19 seats—as many as they gained in the 1940 election—and thereby the majority in this chamber. They have now exactly one half of the 230 seats. The Communists made a somewhat greater gain than expected, winning 12 places, which now gives them 15, or more than they have ever had. The Farmers' Union captured 8 seats, or the same number they lost in the election four years ago. The People's Party made two gains, while the Conservatives yielded three seats. As had been expected, the election again spelled disaster to the Swedish Nazi adherents. Three different Nazi groups participated, but they received in all not more than 13,247 votes.

Prime Minister Hansson on September 18 issued a statement saying that there will be no change in the present Coalition Government, in which the four major parties are represented, before the end of the war. He stressed that the increased strength of the Communists does not mean any "radicalization" of the Labor Party's policies, but that the Social-Democrats intend to adhere to the lines of the party's postwar program.

PROFESSOR BERTIL OHLIN, noted economist with international trade as a specialty, in September was elected leader of the Swedish Liberals, or the People's Party, succeeding Gustaf Andersson. It was forecast that he would soon become a member of the Cabinet as Minister of Commerce. Mr. Andersson will retire from his post as Minister of Communications and become Governor of the province of Dalecarlia. The former Minister of Commerce, Herman Eriksson, was appointed manager of the Government Liquor Monopoly from October 1. The new Minister of Communications will be Fritjof Domö, already a member of the Cabinet as Minister without portfolio. Another member without portfolio, Karl Edgar Rosander, will leave the Government. The two new ministers to hold the same rank will be Tage Erlander and Gunnar Danielsson. The former has been assistant chief of the Department of Social Welfare. Mr. Danielsson is a non-political appointee, having served as a legal expert in various government departments.

THE NOBEL PRIZES in Medicine and Physiology have been awarded for 1943 and 1944, it was announced by Karolinska Institutet in Stockholm, October 26. Both have been divided, and of the four recipients three are Americans, while the fourth, Dr. Henrik Dam, is a Dane now working in the United States. Dr. Dam came here as a Fellow of the American-Scandinavian Foundation and is now teaching at the Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester, New York. The 1943 prize was divided between him and Edward Adelbert Doisy, professor of biochemistry in the St. Louis University School of Medicine, for their joint discovery of the chemical nature of Vitamin K. The 1944 prize was shared by Joseph Erlanger, professor of physiology in Washington University, St. Louis, and Herbert Spencer Gasser, director of the Rockefeller Institute in New York, for their research in the different functions of the individual nerve filaments.

On November 9 the 1943 Nobel Prize for Physics was awarded to Otto Stern, a German refugee, now teaching at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, in Pittsburgh, for his contribution to the development of the molecular-ray method of detecting the magnetic qualities of atoms. The 1944 Physics Prize went to Isidor Isaac Rabi, of Columbia Uni-

versity, for his research in the resonance method of registering the magnetic properties of atoms. The 1943 Chemistry Prize was awarded to Georg von Hevesy, a Hungarian now residing in Sweden, for his discoveries regarding the use of isotopes as indicators in studying chemical processes. In 1943 he came to Sweden, with his wife and four children, as a refugee from Denmark. For some time he has had a standing invitation to lecture at Harvard University. Now he intends to use the prize money for the study of the effect of X-rays on cancer, working with Professor Hans von Euler-Chelpin, of the University of Stockholm, who shared the Nobel Chemistry Prize in 1929.

Johannes V. Jensen, Danish poet and novelist, was awarded the 1944 Nobel Prize in Literature. Born in 1873, he is best known for his historical cycle, *Den lange Rejse* (*The Long Journey*), which in six volumes describes the origin, growth and development of the Nordic race from the time before the Ice Age to the discovery of America by Columbus. He has twice visited the United States, the last time in 1939. He now lives in Sweden.

The Nobel Institute announces that the customary Nobel celebration in Stockholm will be cancelled this year, and that instead the prizes will be distributed by the Swedish Legations in the respective countries of the recipients. The winners now in the United States will receive their prizes from Minister Wollmar F. Boström at a luncheon arranged by the American-Scandinavian Foundation at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, Sunday, December 10.

According to a report from Copenhagen, the Danish press has been forbidden to mention the award to Dr. Dam.

War Criminals Will not Find a haven in Sweden, Gustav Möller, Minister of Social Welfare, announced on September 5, as spokesman for the Swedish Government. If any such should succeed in crossing the borders, they would be extradited, he added. Sweden had always granted the right of asylum to political refugees and had pursued a broad-minded policy during the war. He emphasized, however, that this open border policy did not mean that Sweden was prepared to grant asylum to those who by their actions had defied the conscience of the civilized world or betrayed their own countries. "It can therefore be taken for granted," Mr. Möller added, "that Sweden will close her borders to such 'political' refugees, or, if they succeed in coming across, will send them back."

All Export of Ball Bearings to Germany has been stopped, according to an announcement by the Foreign Office on October 15.

Moreover, two important steps directly affecting communications with Germany were taken by Sweden on September 27. Beginning on that day, all Swedish territorial waters in the Gulf of Bothnia and the Baltic Sea, including the Falsterbo Canal on the southwestern tip of Skåne, were closed to foreign merchant ships. Since German vessels to a great extent are prevented from entering Swedish west coast harbors because of mines and the impossibility of getting pilots, Swedish-German trade was regarded as virtually ended. German civilian travel through Sweden from Norway was also stopped, by means of the Swedish Consulate in Oslo ceasing to grant visas. Swedish shipping to Germany was halted even before these two measures were taken, when the War Insurance Board in Stockholm stopped issuing policies on the hulls of ships bound for Germany.

The decision not to permit German civilians to travel through Sweden to and from Norway was generally regarded as a political demonstration, more specifically as an outright protest against the transportation of Norwegians and Danes to concentration camps in Germany. The press pointed out that Sweden thus used its last available means of applying pressure.

ALLIED WAR PRISONERS to a total of 2,652, including 239 Americans and some 20 Canadians, left Gothenburg on September 10 on the last lap of their trip from Germany to their homelands. The Americans and Canadians traveled on the M. S. *Gripsholm*, of the Swedish American Line; the Britishers went by the S. S. *Drottningholm* of the same line, and by the English steamer *Arundel Castle*. Over 900 of the war prisoners had been guests of Gothenburg. Several of the Americans were of Swedish stock, and some could even speak a little Swedish. The prisoners arrived in Sweden on September 7 at Trelleborg, having made the journey across the Baltic Sea on two train ferries. Three special trains took them to Gothenburg. They were greeted by a reception committee headed by Colonel Charles E. Rayens, American Military Attaché in Stockholm.

THE CASKETS CONTAINING the remains of thirty-five Norwegians who died when the German evacuation ship *Westphalen* was torpedoed on September 8, off the Swedish coast, were brought to Gothenburg on September 14, on board a Swedish mine sweeper. The bodies had been picked up by Swedish fishing vessels, aided by units of the Royal Navy. All along the coast, as well as in Gothenburg, flags were displayed at half mast. The mine sweeper was met by Jens Bull, Norwegian Minister to Sweden, who thanked the fishermen for their courageous rescue work and the Navy authorities for their sympathy and co-operation. The Gothenburg Cathedral was draped in Norwegian flags and hundreds of wreaths were heaped at the altar. The five Norwegians who were saved out of the fifty on board the *Westphalen* attended the funeral service. One of these five had been refused a place in one of the German vessel's lifeboats, but had later been rescued by a Swedish destroyer.

THE DUMBARTON OAKS PROPOSALS were commented on by the Swedish press in varying tones of hopefulness and caution. The charter's chief merit, in the opinion of *Morgon-Tidningen*, leading Labor organ, is that it seems to have greater stability than the League of Nations, particularly with regard to the right of the Security Council to use armed force. This gives a certain hope for the future. The paper wondered, however, what constituted a "peace-loving" nation. The Liberal *Svenska Morgonbladet* feared the domination of the great powers, and expected that the small United Nations would be disappointed. But if unity between the great powers could be established, then there was good reason to hope that international justice would be furthered. If that unity was not achieved, the situation would become so dark that any international organization would only make it worse, the paper concluded.

Another Labor organ, *Afton-Tidningen*, tersely commented that "much remains to be done before humanity can feel safe." Like most papers, the Liberal *Dagens Nyheter* called attention to the fact that no decision was reached on the important point whether an aggressive permanent member would be able to veto the action of the Security Council. The League of Nations set its goal higher, but failed. Neutral countries were invited to join the League, but this time they might have to decide for themselves whether or not to join. The paper added that a strict distinction between belligerents and neutrals was seen in the fact that no copies of the charter were handed to representatives of the neutral countries in Washington. Many believed that the League's weakness was that it was not universal. The new organization satisfied far-reaching demands for universality. If permitted to function according to the charter, it would eliminate war between nations outside the circle of the major powers, *Dagens Nyheter* concluded.

THE ARMISTICE OFFERED FINLAND by the Soviet Union in September came as a shock to the Swedes, but after the first dismay over the "hard and ominous terms," the press warned people against over-pessimism. There were voices asking the people of Sweden not to base their opinion on loose conjectures, but to wait until Russia's plans were fully known. The heavy reparations sum and the demand for the Porkkala peninsula, which will bring Helsinki within the range of Russian guns, were particularly regretted in the papers. *Svenska Morgonbladet* wrote that the armistice terms constituted a staggering blow to Finland. "The war's nightmare is over," the paper continued, "but the awakening lacks every element of happiness and relief. Although Finland's independence seems preserved, it will not be easy for the Finns to decide on a 'trusting collaboration' with the Russians. However, such a decision must be made. It is the only way to the future."

The Liberal *Dagens Nyheter* of Stockholm wrote that the conditions were severe and partly humiliating, but worst of all was the knowledge that this could have been avoided by means of wiser politics. "There is no other future policy possible than one of collaboration with the Soviet," the paper added. "Her Scandinavian neighbors will help Finland best by taking her relations with the Soviet under consideration in a positive spirit." Like many other papers, *Göteborgs Handels- och Sjöfarts-Tidning*, of Gothenburg, emphasized that Sweden must now help Finland along lines to which Russia will not object. The Conservative *Svenska Dagbladet* asked how Moscow's assurances that Finland's freedom and independence were guaranteed tally with the stranglehold which the Russians on the Porkkala peninsula will have over Central Finland. The paper added, however, that so long as the Finns themselves did not despair, the Swedes certainly should not paint the picture in darker colors than was necessary.

SWEDEN WILL SEND FINLAND, between October 1944 and March 1945, 150,000 tons of grain and 10,000 tons of sugar. Sweden also will deliver 5,500 tons of edible fats, 2,000 tons of salted fish, 3,000 tons of salted herring, fats for the manufacture of 3,000,000 cakes of soap, and 10,000 tons of superphosphate.

According to an agreement signed in London October 2, Sweden is granting the Netherlands credits for immediate postwar deliveries of machinery and lumber needed for the rebuilding of the war-ravaged areas. Earlier orders placed by the Netherlands, amounting to 30,000,000 kronor, mostly for locomotives, are not included in this agreement, which resembles the one Sweden signed with Norway in April 1944.

Twenty-four vessels for Norwegian account, totalling about 350,000 tons, d. w., have been completed during the course of the war by Swedish yards. Many of these are tankers of more than 15,000 tons, no ship being less than 9,000 tons. These figures were revealed in September by Ernst Hedén, head of Götaverken in Gothenburg, Sweden's largest shipbuilding yard.

ADULT REFUGEES IN SWEDEN on October 23 numbered 165,000, with more arriving every day. This figure does not include children, among whom there are about 45,000 Finnish. In proportion to population, this corresponds to 4,000,000 refugees in the United States. Forty-six camps have been set up in various parts of the country in addition to sixty quarantine camps. The number of refugees from the Baltic countries, most of whom arrived during the months of September and October, was 25,000. The Finnish and Norwegian groups of adult refugees were even larger, while there were about 15,000 Danes. Interned foreign military men numbered 1,508.

The Götaverken shipyard in Gothenburg on October 13 donated 500,000 kronor to the Swedish Norway Relief, mak-

ing this fund total 35,000,000 kronor. The Fund provides daily hot meals for 172,684 Norwegian children and needy in Norway. Payments from this Fund to relatives of Norwegian seamen amount to 850,000 kronor monthly, and every family received 150 kronor extra for fuel during the month of October.

Norway's prospects for the coming winter are much darker than they were in 1943, according to Nils Goude, a secretary of the Swedish Norway Relief Committee, and Bertil Kugelberg, a representative of the Swedish Employers Association, who returned at the end of October from a ten day visit to Norway. They expressed great satisfaction that the Allies have now allowed Sweden to double the quotas of Swedish food sent to Norway. Thus since August 1, five hundred tons a month have been shipped, and an extra 3,000 tons of sugar is expected to be sent shortly.

Of 8,824 Wage Disputes in 1943, affecting 841,000 workers, 99 percent were peacefully solved by negotiation—an all-time record. The workers whose collective wage agreements were prolonged without dispute amounted to 99.9 percent of the total. Strikes affected only 996 workers and lockouts 237. This, too, constitutes a new record for Swedish labor relations. During the first half of the 1930s an annual average of 30,761 workers were affected by strikes and lockouts, and during the second half of the same decade the number was 13,892.

The Death of Wendell Willkie caused sorrow in wide circles in Sweden and the press greatly regretted his passing. Thus *Morgon-Tidningen* wrote, "It is a loss to our entire disunited and war-ravaged world," and continued, "He was a typical representative of practical American idealism."

SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA

Exhibition of John Carlson's Works

The American Swedish Historical Museum in Philadelphia opened an exhibition of the works of the Swedish born American artist John F. Carlson with a preview Sunday afternoon, October 29. Colonel Samuel Price Wetherill introduced Mr. Charles Wharton Stork, who spoke on Swedish art and read some of the poems of Karlfeldt in his own translations in order to demonstrate the masculine quality of Swedish art. Then Mr. Carlson spoke at some length on his methods of work. A number of invited guests were present and enjoyed the paintings which were seen to good advantage in the stately halls of the Museum. Some of the canvases are reproduced in another part of this number.

Cedergren Medal for Alexanderson

Ernst F. W. Alexanderson, consulting engineer and radio expert of the General Electric Company in Schenectady, New York, was awarded the Cedergren Gold Medal last summer. The medal is awarded every fifth year by the Royal Technical University of Stockholm in recognition of achievement as a writer on the subject of electro-technics.

For Norwegian Relief

The Swedish American Augustana Synod officially resolved to set aside the Sunday of September 17 as a day in which the churches of the Synod were asked to take up an offering for Norwegian Relief. In authorizing this offering, the announcement of which was signed by the president, Rev. P. O. Bersell, the church authorities stressed the great part taken in the spiritual resistance movement by the bishops and pastors and teachers in Norway. They were mindful also of the fact that the Norwegian Gov-

ernment in Exile in London has appropriated funds to the needs of "orphaned missions" throughout the world.

Swedish at Columbia University

Per G. Stensland, who came to this country as a Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden to study adult education, and who has contributed to the REVIEW his impressions of movements for social betterment in America, is giving two courses at Columbia University, one on elementary, the other on advanced Swedish. In addition Mr. Stensland is giving a course entitled "Role of Adult Education and Popular Movements in Sweden and Other Scandinavian Countries and Their Relation to American Problems."

Ole Roemer Honored

September 25 marked the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Ole Roemer, the great Danish astronomer, whose achievements are briefly told by his countryman, Dr. Kaj Aage Strand, in this number of the REVIEW. The occasion was celebrated on September 1 in the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia, where the Danish Chargé d'Affaires C. A. C. Brun represented Denmark and paid a tribute to Benjamin Franklin. Dr. Roy K. Marshall gave a lecture entitled "On Wings of Light" in which he made a demonstration of the modern conception of the universe, and spoke of the great importance Ole Roemer's discovery of the velocity of light had in the development of the conception at which scientists had now arrived.

Among the Colleges

Rev. R. E. Morton was officially inaugurated as president of Dana College in Blair, Nebraska, on October 24. In his address on that occasion the new president spoke of the pioneers who had broken ground in the West and especially of the spiritual pioneers who had founded the institution that grew into Dana College. He spoke of the late Dr. A. M. Andersen who founded Trinity Seminary sixty years ago by taking theological students into his own home. Two years later, in 1886, the Old Main was dedicated, and in 1899 Dana College, which had grown out of the Seminary, became a separate institution.

Augsburg Seminary celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary in October. It is at once a college and a theological seminary. In its early days it was identified with two strong personalities, Professor Georg Sverdrup and Professor Sven Oftedal. It has never united with the other Norwegian American church institutions, although the old spirit of opposition has been largely smoothed out. The president now is Dr. Bernhard Christensen.

The Swedish library founded at Gustavus Adolphus College, in St. Peter, Minnesota, by Dr. and Mrs. Edwin J. Vickner, and bearing the name the Almen-Vickner Pioneer Library, has grown in a short time to include 2,000 volumes. Many donations of books have been received.

The Nils von Dardel Exhibition Tour

Jointly sponsored by the American Federation of Arts and the American-Scandinavian Foundation, a travelling exhibition of paintings by the late Swedish artist Nils von Dardel was arranged in the fall of 1943, continuing until September 30, 1944. The show consisted of twenty-five small and eleven large water colors depicting "Native Types of Latin America," and five oil paintings of an allegorical and symbolic nature.

The exhibition opened in Philadelphia on November 1 at the American Swedish Historical Museum, where it remained until November 22. From Philadelphia, the Exhibition went on to Cedar Rapids, then to Minneapolis, Moorhead, Omaha, and finally Atlanta. It was well received by the press everywhere.

THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples, by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

Trustees: Henry Goddard Leach, President and Secretary; James Creese, William Hovgaard, G. Hilmer Lundbeck, Georg Unger Vetlesen, Vice Presidents; Hans Christian Sonne, Treasurer; Conrad Bergendoff, Robert Woods Bliss, E. A. Cappelen-Smith, Harold S. Deming, Lincoln Ellsworth, John A. Gade, Halldor Hermannsson, Hamilton Holt, Edwin O. Holter, George N. Jeppson, Nils R. Johaneson, Sonnin Krebs, William Witherle Lawrence, John M. Morehead, John Dyneley Prince, Charles J. Rhoads, Harold C. Urey, Thomas J. Watson, Harald M. Westergaard. **Cooperating Bodies: Sweden**—Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, Grevturegatan 16, Stockholm, J. S. Edström, President; Chancellor Undén, Kommerserådet Enström, and Professor Svedberg, Vice Presidents; Adèle Heilborn, Secretary; **Denmark**—Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, Viggo Carstensen, Secretary, Frederiksholms Kanal 20, Copenhagen K; **Norway**—Norge-Amerika Fondet, Rådhusgaten 23 B, Oslo, C. J. Hambro, President; Arne Kildal, Secretary; **Iceland**—Islenzk-Ameriska Félagid, Reykjavik, Sigurdur Nordal, President; Ragnar Olafsson, Secretary. **Associates:** All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. **Regular Associates,** paying $3.00 annually, receive the REVIEW. **Sustaining Associates,** paying $10.00 annually, receive the REVIEW and CLASSICS. **Life Associates,** paying $200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

Trustees' Meeting

The Trustees of the Foundation held their autumn meeting in the Harvard Club of New York City on November 4. The guests included the Consuls General of four Scandinavian nations; Mr. J. Sigfrid Edström, President of the Sweden-America Foundation; Consul General Olof H. Lamm of Stockholm; Mr. Fredrik Göransson of Sandviken; Professor Adolph B. Benson of the Foundation Library Committee and Committee on Publications; Mr. Thomas W. Streeter, son-in-law of William Henry Schofield, former president of the Foundation; Mr. Ray Morris, President of the New York Chapter; and Mr. Haakon Styri of Philadelphia, Senior Former Fellow of the Foundation.

The President stated that he is often asked by the press about the policy of the Foundation toward interchange of students after the war. He said that the Foundation would continue to appoint students selected by its technical Committee on Applications, to introduce them to our co-operating bodies in the Scandinavian countries, and to receive students appointed by them, and that contributions for that purpose would be solicited and accepted from private citizens and corporations. As governments appear to be more and more interested in education, moneys will be accepted from governments for specific purposes approved by the Committee on Applications. However, the Foundation does not favor overhead and unspecified government subvention. The above policy also applied to publications, information, lectures, exhibitions, concerts, motion pictures, radio programs, books for libraries, and students.

Mr. Lamm and Mr. Edström described briefly some of the war-time activities of the Sweden-America Foundation in interpreting America to Sweden by means of exhibitions, lectures, radio programs, scientific releases, books for American internees and prisoners, and correspondence courses for American airmen interned in Sweden.

Professor Benson presented the special Library Committee report and an appropriation was made to meet the purchasing plan recommended by the Committee. Mr. Styri reported fifty-six contributors to the Former Fellows Fund to date, a total of $5,555.64, with income available for stipends of $684.52.

Trustees

James Creese received the Degree of Doctor of Laws, honoris causa. at the Fall

Commencement of Colby College, Waterville, Maine, on September 17. In his citation of Mr. Creese, President J. S. Bixler said: "You have shown yourself efficient without being officious, dogged in your devotion without being dogmatic, concerned with the educational problems of all countries including the Scandinavian, master of the technicalities of tax legislation while retaining the soul of a poet."

Dr. Creese is Vice-president and Treasurer of Stevens Institute of Technology. During the war he has acted as President in the absence of President Davis on government service in Washington and abroad. He has not only directed the war effort of Stevens but prepared several national reports and organized the war training of nine colleges of engineering. Dr. Creese is a graduate of Princeton University, where he was president of the Class of 1918, Editor of the *Nassau Literary Magazine*, and Chairman of the Honor Board. He served as an officer in World War I, and in 1919 joined the staff of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, serving as Executive Secretary from 1922 to 1928.

Harold S. Deming has contributed $600 as a personal gift to cover the binding of books for the Schofield Library of the Foundation, which is undergoing a process of reorganization.

Captain John A. Gade is the author of an illustrated article, "The Swedish Navy," in *United States Naval Institute Proceedings*, September 1944.

William Hovgaard has published the results of his lifelong study of the problem of organizing a warless world in the form of a pamphlet entitled *The United World*. A limited number of these pamphlets can be obtained on application to the Foundation. This analysis by the greatest living authority on naval armament is worthy of the careful scrutiny of statesmen and all others who wish this war to be a war to end wars. In the belief of the President of the Foundation there is no more fundamental document.

Hans Christian Sonne, Treasurer of the Foundation, recently issued for National Planning Association in which he is chairman of the Executive Committee, a memorandum on "Fiscal and Monetary Policy." To the Geneseo Institute of Public Affairs he delivered an address on "International Political Reconstruction." To committees of the NPA in Washington, he presented "A Preview of National Budgets for Full Employment." A limited number of copies of these three documents may be obtained on application to the Foundation. In an editorial about the memorandum *The New York Times* observed: "The most striking single recommendation in the report on fiscal and monetary policy by Beardsley Ruml and H. Christian Sonne, issued yesterday by the National Planning Association, is the abolition of the corporate income tax. The authors argue that the Federal income tax on corporations tends (1) to raise the cost of goods and services and in some cases to pyramid them; (2) to keep wages lower than they otherwise might be, and (3) to limit the yield on risk-bearing investments."

Thomas J. Watson has presented to Harvard University in behalf of International Business Machines a giant machine which will perform all manner of intricate mathematical calculations. It is called "The Automatic Sequence Controlled Calculator."

Last spring the President of the Foundation and Mrs. Leach addressed the commencement exercises of IBM students at Endicott, New York, on international relations.

Fellows and Junior Scholars

Dr. Ewert Åberg, Fellow from Sweden, who has completed his experimental work for the U.S. Department of Agriculture in Arizona and Idaho, is continuing his research at the Plant Industry Station, Washington, D.C.

Mr. Björn H. Benediktsson, Junior Scholar from Iceland, who studied business administration at Syracuse Univer-

sity, is continuing his studies in the New York offices of the Socony Vacuum Oil Company.

Mr. Eyjolfur Eiriksson, Junior Scholar from Iceland for the study of printing, has returned to Reykjavik.

Mr. Thor Gudjonsson, Junior Scholar from Iceland, who took the B.S. degree in fisheries at the University of Washington in February, spent the summer in the U.S. Government Fish and Wildlife Service on the Columbia River Salvage Program, and is now working towards his master's degree. Mr. Gudjonsson was recently honored by election to the biological honorary society Phi Sigma.

Mr. Thorvaldur Hliddal, Honorary Fellow from Iceland for the study of electrical engineering, returned with his wife to Reykjavik in July.

Mr. Jonas Jakobsson, Junior Scholar from Iceland, has accepted a position as meteorologist with the Pan American Airways, Inc., in San Francisco.

Mr. Björn Johannesson, Honorary Fellow from Iceland, flew to Alaska this summer and spent several weeks there observing agricultural methods for the Icelandic Government. He is now continuing his work for the doctorate in soil chemistry at Cornell University.

Miss Selma Jonsdottir, Junior Scholar from Iceland, received a B.A. degree from Barnard College in August and is now doing post-graduate work in Fine Arts at Columbia University.

Mr. Halldor Laxdal, Junior Scholar from Iceland, who graduated from the R. C. A. Institute, New York, in August, returned home in October.

Mr. Ingibergur Lövdal, Junior Scholar from Iceland, who also graduated from the R. C. A. Institute in August, plans to continue his studies in a radio laboratory.

Dr. Fridgeir Olason, and his wife, Dr. Sigrun Olason, Honorary Fellows from Iceland for the study of internal medicine and pediatrics respectively, returned home with their family in October.

Mr. Tom Österberg, Junior Scholar from Sweden for the study of business administration, returned with his wife to Sweden in August.

Miss Aslaug Sigurdardottir, Junior Scholar from Iceland, who has been studying education at Teachers College, Columbia University, returned home in October.

Miss Valborg Sigurdardottir, Junior Scholar from Iceland, received a B.A. degree from Smith College on August 18 and is now taking post-graduate work there in psychology and education. Miss Sigurdardottir was awarded a scholarship to attend the International Conference on Girl Scout leadership at Camp Edith Macy last August.

Mr. Adalsteinn Sigurdsson, Junior Scholar from Iceland, who took the B.A. degree in history from the University of California, Berkeley, in February, returned home in September to teach history, English, and geography at the Menntaskoli in Akureyri.

Mr. Olafur Johann Sigurdsson, Honorary Fellow from Iceland for the study of American literature and art, returned home in July. Mr. Sigurdsson's new novel *Fjallid og Draumurinn*, the first of a trilogy, has been acclaimed in the Icelandic press as one of the best in the literature.

Mr. Halldor Thorsteinsson, Junior Scholar from Iceland, received a B.A. degree in French from the University of California, Los Angeles, in June and is now taking post-graduate work there.

Former Fellows

Mr. Gunnar Fagrell, Fellow from Sweden 1941-43, who flew to London last spring on a mission for the Office of War Information, has returned to his post as Chief of the Scandinavian Section in the New York offices of that organization.

Mr. Richard H. Goodwin, Fellow to Sweden 1937-38, has accepted an appointment as Professor of Botany and Director of the Connecticut Arboretum at Con-

necticut College, New London, Connecticut.

Miss Brita Kraepelien, Exchange Scholar from Sweden 1939-40, was awarded a Juliette Low Scholarship to attend the International Conference on Girl Scout leadership at Camp Edith Macy, Briarcliff, New York, in August. During her visit there Miss Kraepelien addressed the group on the history and geography of Sweden, and on contemporary Swedish life.

Four Swedish Fellows in language and literature, appointed shortly before the war, who completed their studies in the United States but were prevented by war conditions from returning to Sweden, will offer courses in four American universities during the academic year 1944-45: Helge Kökeritz, Professor of English in Yale University; Per G. Stensland, Instructor in Swedish in Columbia University; Gösta Franzén, Associate Professor of Scandinavian in the University of Chicago; and Sven Liljeblad, Research Fellow in Swedish in Harvard University.



Dr. Henrik Dam

Mr. Trygve Haavelmo, Fellow from Norway 1939-40, formerly with the Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission, New York, and now in the Washington office of the Norwegian Ministry of Supply and Reconstruction, is the author of a book entitled *The Probability Approach in Econometrics,* published in Chicago, July 12, 1944, as a supplement to *Econometrica,* the periodical of the Econometric Society.

Mr. Niels Blume-Knudsen, Honorary Fellow from Denmark 1939-40 for the study of industrial organization, obtained a lieutenancy in the United States Army recently.

Dr. Dam Wins Nobel Prize

Dr. Henrik Dam, Fellow from Denmark, shares with Dr. E. A. Doisy of St. Louis University the Nobel Prize in Medicine for 1943 for the discovery of the chemical nature of Vitamin K. Dr. Dam, who lectured at universities and scientific institutions all over the United States and Canada under the auspices of the Foundation in 1940-41, is continuing his research in vitamins and allied subjects as Senior Research Assistant at the University of Rochester. The story of Dr. Dam's discovery of Vitamin K appeared in the REVIEW for March 1941.

Chicago Chapter

The Chicago Chapter opened the season on October 9 with a lecture on "Swedish Modern" by Miss Elsa Pehrson, Swedish journalist and art critic, in the Woodrow Wilson Meeting Room of the International Relations Center. Miss Pehrson wrote on this subject in the Autumn number of the REVIEW.

The Chicago Chapter is offering its members and friends a course of six lectures on Scandinavia by Dr. Franklin D. Scott of Northwestern University, who



Baron Joost Dahlerup
From a Painting by Agnes Smidt

has travelled and studied in the Scandinavian countries as a Fellow of the Foundation. His lectures, some of which will be illustrated, will include a survey of the history, literature, social customs, government, economy, and social reforms of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, and a résumé of their participation in International organizations. The lectures will be given at the International Relations Center, 84 East Randolph Street, on alternate Tuesdays, beginning November 21. There will be a nominal tuition of $5.00 for the entire course.

New York Chapter

The President of the New York Chapter, Mr. Ray Morris, and Mrs. Morris, gave a reception for Chapter Associates at their home, 41 East 74th Street, on October 27.

The annual Christmas party of the New York Chapter will be held at Sherry's, on Park Avenue, December 15.

Joost Dahlerup

An old friend and contributor of the REVIEW, Baron Joost Dahlerup, died in New York in the night of August 23. He was born in Copenhagen in 1874 and, after some youthful wander-years, came to America in 1893. Together with his wife, Baroness Alma Dahlerup, he has been a worker for Danish interests in the best sense. He became an expert on Danish American history, and many will regret that he never found time to embody that knowledge in a larger work, but scattered it generously in newspaper articles. Among his contributions to the REVIEW may be mentioned that he wrote the leading article on our founder, Niels Poulson, in the Poulson Number, September-October 1915.

Death of Dean Lipman

The California Chapter suffered a great loss in the death on October 22 of its former President, Dr. Charles B. Lipman, Professor of Plant Physiology and Dean of the Graduate Division of the University of California, Berkeley. A friend of the Foundation for many years, Dean Lipman was always ready to advise and assist our Scandinavian Fellows at the University of California.

Sweden-America Foundation

For the fifth year summer courses in English were given last August in Stockholm under the sponsorship of the Sweden-America Foundation. In addition to intensive elementary and advanced courses in the language, a series of lectures was offered on American diplomacy, education, journalism, social and industrial problems, and agriculture. Gunnar and Alva Myrdal, Richard Sterner, Bertil Ohlin, and Gunnar Lange lectured in Swedish, Robert M. McClintock, Perry Laukhuff, John Scott, Mab Wilson Wright, Arthur King, and Lois Hoesley in English.

S.S. Niels Poulson

The founder of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, Niels Poulson, has been commemorated in a Liberty ship which was launched from the J. A. Jones Construction Company Shipyard in Brunswick, Georgia, last August 18. As our readers know, Niels Poulson was born in Denmark, and the naming of this ship after him was in recognition of the excellent showing the Danish Americans made in the sale of War Bonds, far exceeding their quota.



Scandinavian Plays of the Twentieth Century. First Series, Second Series. With Introductions by Alrik Gustafson. ***Princeton University Press for the American-Scandinavian Foundation.*** **1944. Prices $2.00, $3.00.**

With *Scandinavian Plays of the Twentieth Century, First* and *Second Series*, the American-Scandinavian Foundation inaugurates a project which promises to fill a lamentable gap in the English speaking world's knowledge of Scandinavian literature. Ibsen, Strindberg, and perhaps Björnson comprise the list of Scandinavian dramatists commonly known outside Scandinavia—and there is no question that the developments in the Scandinavian drama and theater following the nineteenth century trio are worthy of acquaintance. For these two volumes, the first of which presents Swedish and Finnish dramatists, the second Danish and Norwegian, Dr. Alrik Gustafson has contributed introductory surveys of dramatic trends and influences. Though necessarily brief, the essays are highly informative and critically discriminating. Each collection is limited to four plays; their content and dramatic art and Dr. Gustafson's discussion of other plays by these and other dramatists make one hope that further volumes will soon be added to the series.

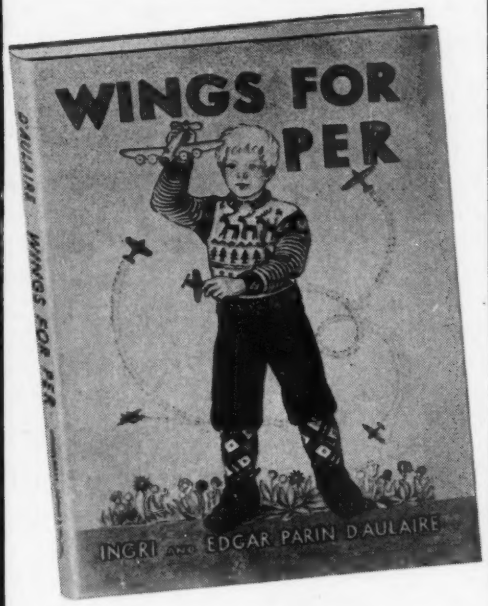
Though only one play in the two collections deals directly with present-day social and political problems, that trend is markedly evident in the modern Scandinavian drama, particularly in the Danish and Norwegian. In the Danish and Norwegian volume the two playwrights whose lives were sacrificed in the struggle against the Nazis are represented by plays which, though set in earlier times, are as inescapably interpreted as dealing with that struggle as is *The Man Without a Soul*, by the Swedish dramatist, Pär Lagerkvist. His central character changes, through love for the woman whose lover he murdered, from a fanatical political murderer to a believer in common humanity; and we finally see him accepting in this faith execution at the hands of his former colleagues. The characters are presented with allegorical simplification, but with an effect both powerful and poetic. Though *The Defeat: A Play about the Paris Commune*, by the young Norwegian poet-dramatist, Nordahl Grieg, pictures the revolt of the people of Paris against Thiers and his collaborators, the rights of the masses to a decent and free life and the determination of those in power to control the masses stand out as a present-day problem. Brutality and human weakness dominate most of Grieg's characters, but are to

some degree balanced by the persistent idealistic faith of a few. Kaj Munk, the Danish minister who, like Grieg, was a heroic victim of this war, wrote in *Niels Ebbesen* a stirring drama of the Danish folk hero who murdered a German tyrant, which is doubly impressive in its parallels to Nazi oppression and its challenge to action. The two historic plays differ widely in technique, Kaj Munk building a relatively conventional drama around the Niels Ebbesen family, with the conflicts of the time illustrated in opposing attitudes within that group and in Ebbesen himself. *The Defeat* is panoramic, reflecting the influences of the Russian drama and the cinema in its shifting scenes and numerous characters.

The Danish Kjeld Abell's *Anna Sophie Hedvig* is also an affirmation of the individual's right and duty to strike against tyranny, in the terms of a provincial spinster school teacher's murder of her superior. It is an interesting blend of the Ibsen type of problem play, in the discussion within a small circle of the guilt or virtue of the woman's act and in the emphasis on respectability and business interests as factors in the attitudes taken; but it shows also the strong inclination toward symbolism, expressionism, and experiment which has characterized modern Scandinavian drama, in its double frame plan and the use of the eternal prisoner who fights for the future and dies to make it possible, and at whose side Anna Sophie Hedvig is executed in the final tableau.

The symbolic and expressionistic trend is on the whole more evident in the plays from the Swedish. Hjalmar Bergman, who with Pär Lagerkvist has been influential in the development of these techniques in Sweden, is, as Dr. Gustafson points out, Maeterlinckean in his creation of moods and symbolic overtones in the one-act *Mr. Sleeman is Coming*. Still its picture of the tragic dilemma of the young girl led into a marriage of convenience by her bourgeois aunts is simple and almost homely; and in this paradox and the subtly suggested fatalism lies much of its effectiveness. Symbolism is also powerfully employed in *The Gallows Man: A Midwinter Story*, the work of Runar Schildt, a Finnish dramatist who has achieved distinction writing in Swedish. Unforgettable is this one-act picture of the death of the recklessly adventurous Finnish Colonel who has won honors in European wars by purchase of the magical gallows man, and who, in his fears of the peaceless death to which the possessor of this talisman is fated, is rescued by the love and compassion of his socially stigmatized young housekeeper. In its suggestions of social and political background and its blending of the supernatural and violent, even primitive emotions, the dramatic episode achieves significance as well as power.

Psychological plays, "the hour-long soul dissections" against which Kaj Munk vigorously protested, are represented in both volumes—in the Swedish dramatist, Ragnar Josephson's *Perhaps a Poet*, and the Norwegian Helge Krog's *The Sounding Shell*. And in both of these plays, also, symbolism is present. Josephson's humble porter, who tries to create



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a heroic existence through fantastic stories of imagined adventures, only to be disillusioned when he translates his imaginings into actuality, finds no solution but suicide, but brings new values to the lives he touches. The play is interestingly conceived and developed, but the implications on which it depends for final effectiveness are somewhat obscure. Krog's *The Sounding Shell* seems more restricted in theme than the other plays, as it follows the love of a young girl for three men in three successive periods of her life. But her love is an answer to life itself singing in the sounding shell, to the voices from an endless past whose message is "Onward." The play is extremely skilful in its subtle delineation of the characters and their relations, and the theme of free expression of the individual raises questions which give the whole a broader significance than is at first apparent.

That the drama in Scandinavia is a living force, expressing itself in themes and media responsive to the times, that the theater which received its impetus in the work of the nineteenth-century masters has continued to contribute to drama of literary and theatrical values is clearly evident in the varied plays in these volumes as well as in the introductory essays. The translations are successful in conveying to the reader the force and style of the originals.

HENRIETTE C. K. NAESETH
Augustana College, Rock Island

Wings for Per. By Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. *Doubleday, Doran.* 1944. Price $2.50.

The artist pair whose books have formed such a distinguished contribution to American Christmas literature for many years have this year found inspiration in a contemporary subject—that of the Norwegian flyers.

The hero, Per, grows up on one of the farms in Norway so steep that children have to be tied down in order not to fall off. He always longed to fly when he saw the eagles circling over his home. Per's father taught him to put his trust in law and peace. But one day, when Per got a little older, the sky was darkened by war planes, and he learned that doing right is not always a protection against robbers. With consummate skill the artists have set their realistic pictures in that fantastic, subtly naïve background which is characteristic of all their work, and one of the most moving is that of the children who gather in the woods to carry on the study of their lessons after their teacher and their minister have been marched away at the point of German guns.

As Per grows up, he joins the underground workers, and when he is found out, he manages with three other boys to get hold of a fishing boat and sail it to the great friendly country across the sea. There they learn that on the other side of the ocean there is a still larger country where they can learn to fly. In the Northern woods Per wins his silver wings and

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goes into battle. But the d'Aulaires do not forget that they are writing for children, and the final picture is not one of smoking ruins, but of Per throwing down food packages from his plane to the children in Norway.

As always with the d'Aulaires, the book is printed from color illustrations drawn directly on the stone, giving an effect at once soft and brilliant.

H. A. L.

The Jutland Wind and Other Verse from the Danish Peninsula. Done into English by R. P. Keigwin. *Basil Blackwell, Oxford.* 1944. Price 7s. 6d.

R. P. Keigwin, of Bristol, England, has occasionally contributed graceful translations of Danish verse to the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW. It is a pleasure to receive from him a small volume which, though printed under the exigencies of wartime, contains an excellent selection of Danish lyrics. Mr. Keigwin has had the temerity to print the original Danish side by side with the English translation, and his renderings can well meet the challenge of comparison. They are not only smooth and poetic, but remarkably true to the original, even in the very color of the words. Perhaps English diction lends itself better than American to reproduce the atmosphere of Jutland.

The volume begins with Johannes V. Jensen's "Song of England" (Englandssangen). We quote the first stanza:

> "From out the sea with pale white cliffs emerging,
> the very isle itself a great ship surging
> with topsails set and piling clouds alee,
> clasped by the dark North Sea—
> England!"

Then follows the long poem by the same author which gives its title to the volume, "The Jutland Wind" (Den Jydske Blæst), a tribute to the hard-bitten people in a country where the very trees duck their heads before the wind. Among other poems by Jensen is one to Steen Steensen Blicher, "the good old poet-priest, and hunter, too." By Blicher himself there are several, including one from *E Bindstouw* in which the original Jutish is rendered by an Essex dialect.

The translator in his Introduction disclaims any pretense of having made an anthology of Jutland verse, although the forty poems included represent twenty poets and span over a period of three centuries. They begin with the seventeenth-century Anders Bording and the beloved hymn writer H. A. Brorson and go down to the "Elegy" of Nis Petersen, written during the war, and Kaj Munk's "Easter."

From the nineteenth century there are Poul Möller, Carl Ploug, the South Jutlander Edvard Lembcke with his "Our Mother-Tongue" (Vort Modersmaal), and J. P. Jacobsen. Coming down to the actual Jutland School, Johan Skjoldborg is represented by his most popular poem, "Song of the Smallholder" (Husmandssang). Jeppe Aakjær has a group of his best

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songs, including "The Stone-Breaker" (Jens Vejmand) and the "Prelude" to *Songs of the Rye* (Forspil—Rugens Sange). Others of the Jutland School are Thöger Larsen and Thomas Olesen Lökken, while H. H. Seedorff Pedersen, though born in Jutland, is of another, a lighter caliber.

Altogether, the little volume is a most welcome addition to the scanty amount of Danish poetry available in English.

H. A. L.

We of Frabo Stand. By Loring MacKaye. Illustrated by Elsa Jemne. *Longmans, Green.* **1944. Price $2.25.**

David L. MacKaye, who studied adult education in Scandinavia with a Fellowship from the American-Scandinavian Foundation, has written a story for children based on Valdemar Atterdag's raid on Visby in 1361. He has used to good advantage the legends of how Valdemar spied out the land in the guise of a peddler, and of how the city was betrayed by a Gotland girl to whom the king had made love, and who was afterwards walled up in one of the towers on the city wall by her enraged townsmen.

But the boy Gylf and his goose Hissenpeck, who take up the fight against Valdemar, are the author's creation and add the relief of gaiety to the grim picture. Gylf was the son of peasants in the village of Frabo outside the walls of Visby. History tells us that it was the innocent peasants who suffered most in this struggle between Valdemar and the Hansa city of Visby, and MacKaye has drawn a poignant picture of their brave resistance and of their return to rebuild their ruined homes with the patience and long-suffering of their kind.

Though this is a brave and picturesque tale, friends of Denmark must feel the time inopportune to hold up to scorn the king who, six hundred years ago, reunited Denmark and drove out the Germans. Even his raid on Visby, however brutal, was part of his effort to break the power of the Hanseatic League. And Valdemar Atterdag was by no means the good-for-nothing that the old merchant Eric Swarth declares him to be—evidently with the author's approval.

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

Twilight of the Gladiators. Italy from the Inside, 1939-1943. By Frank Heller. Translated from the Swedish by Llewellyn Jones. *Putnam's.* **1944. Price $2.00.**

The most genuine Fra Diavolo drama of all those enacted by the European dictators—the Mussolini Colosseum spectacle—inevitably teased the imagination of Sweden's Frank Heller. A facile, often clever, writer of mystery stories and tales of adventure, this author is, in certain respects, an ideal recorder of what the bizarre and brutal Fascist regime meant and did to Italy and to the world at large.

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and full of vivid descriptions, though mostly based on second- or third-hand information. It is a kaleidoscopic and inadequate, but far from boring account of what transpired politically in Italy between 1939 and 1943. The author readily admits that he never set foot on Italian soil until after the First World War and that he has never resided there for any considerable length of time. His book, it seems, bears evidence of observations acquired with the speed and totality of a sponge, and with just about the same historic perspective.

If anybody could shape Mussolini's reign into a gay story, Heller is the man. He continually cracks his whip, shoots off his cork pistol, and beats his drum, keeping a very merry carrousel going. Oh, there is corruption and murder and mayhem in a dozen guises, but it is all beaten out on a tambourine, and the serious soliloquies between the barker's spiels never quite come off. Especially not when they concern prognostications of the fate that awaits Italy after the war. In fact, as a political observer Mr. Heller ventures out on ice so thin that Thumbelina would rather have stayed on shore.

HOLGER LUNDBERGH

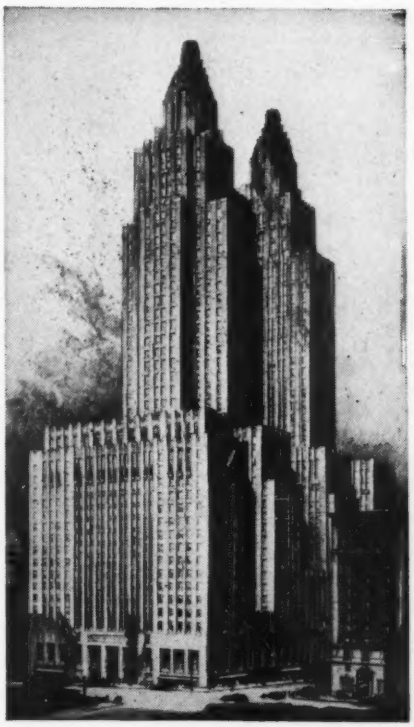
Somi Builds a Church. A Story from Lapland. Written and Illustrated by Rafaello Busoni. *The Viking Press.* 1943. Price $2.00.

It matters little if this sweet and simple story of the power of honest faith is based on a personal record or not. Author and publisher vie with each other in proclaiming it founded on an actual occurrence. That may be as it is; the fact remains that *Somi Builds a Church* is both a fairy tale and a human document; it is strong and sweet and convincing, and it is told in a language a child will understand and a grown-up love to read.

Rafaello Busoni, despite his name, was born in Finland of a Swedish mother. He is both author and artist, and has filled the pages of *Somi* with bold and authentic black-and-white drawings which help to make the attractive book all the handsomer. He early became interested in the Lapps, and this tale concerns the Norwegian ones in Finnmarken.

The plot is as simple as Mr. Busoni's kind language. Somi, the Lapp, on a visit to Tromsö to sell his handicraft of carved bone and leatherware, is given the inspiration to build a church in his arctic wilderness. And if a church is erected, Somi is assured, the Bishop of Northern Norway will come to bless the new edifice.

Upon his return to his own people, the old Lapp carefully explains his plans. How these are accepted, hesitatingly at first, and how the church is actually built, in spite of almost incredible natural obstacles, is told with love, strength, and drama. The Bishop fulfils his promise, and his journey into the bleak North is not the least both powerful and humanly engaging part of the book.



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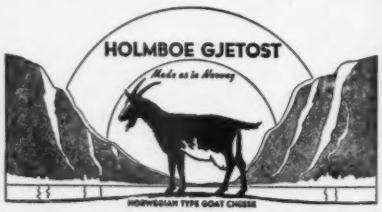


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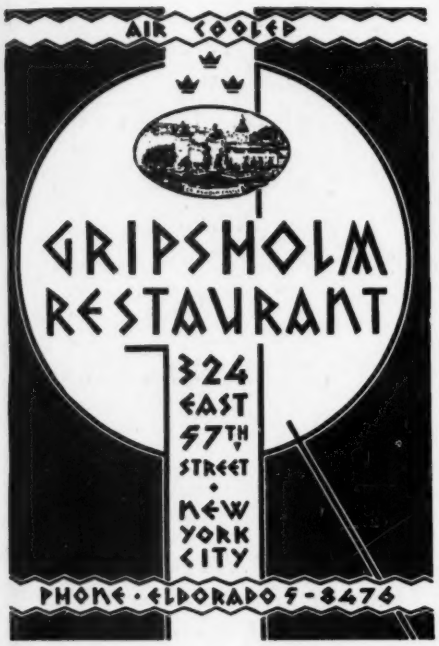
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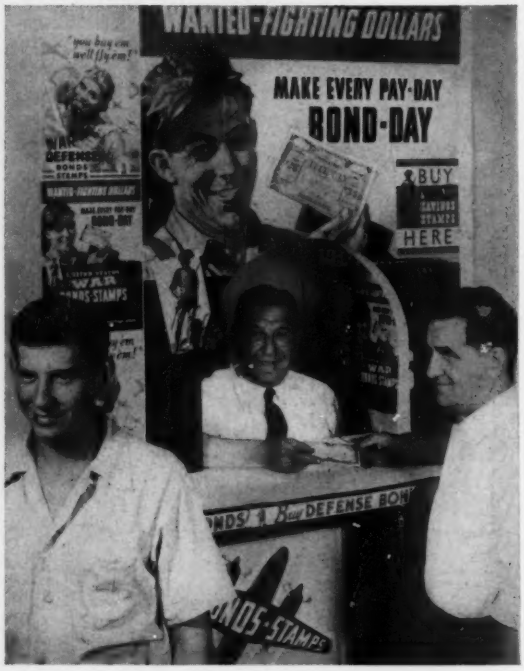
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Of THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW, published quarterly at Princeton, New Jersey, for December 1944.

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Hanna Astrup Larsen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
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HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN
(Signature of editor)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1944.
[SEAL]

RUTH C. BRUCE
Notary Public, New York County
Clerk's No. 454, Register's No. 511-B-6
(My commission expires March 30, 1946.)